NEW STATESMAN
SOCIETY

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Torn apart at home

I wanted him to be there to see her tears and hear her terror. I wanted him, like every child abuser before him, to be faced with the grief and suffering caused by his few selfish moments of pleasure. And then I wanted to kill him. . .

Special issue on Cleveland

Anatomy of child sexual abuse

A mother's testimony

Interview with Jane Wynne

The shadowy abuser

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CAMPAIGN DIARY

After the general election last year, I hoped that I could have four years to recover from the campaign. But now I find that I am pitched into a campaign which is even more strenuous and demanding than any general election could ever be. In the last three weeks I have travelled the length and breadth of Great Britain from Aberdeen to Plymouth, from Brecon to Canterbury, from Carlisle to the Isle of Wight—by the end of the campaign, I shall probably have travelled over 15,000 miles. And everywhere, I have been surprised and pleased by the vitality and enthusiasm of the party members I have met. The party in Scotland and the North of England, in particular, is very much alive and confident of a positive future. Members that I have met in places like Bradford, Newcastle and Glasgow—the strong Labour heartlands—have given me great hope for the party's prospects. They have also provided me with a great deal of enjoyment, from the early morning jog with the leader of Liverpool City Council's Liberal Democrat group to the impromptu meals which willing members seem able to produce out of hats whever I go. And I have great admiration for the people running the Kensington by-election who, on one of my visits there, actually managed to find a Yeovil House and an Ashdown Court for me to visit.

Much of my campaigning involves addressing meetings of members, and frequently launch meetings of the new local SLD party, an ideal opportunity to talk about new ideas and a radical future. I am conscious that some of the new ideas I am putting forward for consideration by our members will not be easy to swallow: reforming mortgage interest tax relief; replacing Labour as the credible opposition to the Tories; even recapturing the concept of choice back from the Tories.

I was determined that the Social and Liberal Democrats' strategy for power should become a discussion point in the leadership but hadn't quite expected it to be so immediately controversial. The reaction from party members has strengthened me in my view that the party must act quickly to establish itself as a radical progressive alternative to Thatcherism. The battle to determine the sort of politics that should follow Thatcherism is what the intellectual contest is all about—and I do not think it would be unduly partisan to point out that Labour has not made too much of its chances lately. As the *New Statesman & Society*'s first issue noted, there is much to be gained from a new definition of citizenship which includes a set of entitlements and choices as well as rights and responsibilities; a positive definition which establishes a right to social justice as well as to political liberty. Gouldism shows no sign so far of any interest in such diffficult areas, preferring to rest with more conventional ways of thinking about political problems. It will be the more imaginative party which makes its mark on the 1990s.

Benoit Jacques

Paddy Ashdown MP

What is the strategy all about? The new party must be determined to be radical and distinctive. My objective is that we build a party which is genuinely internationalist and able to achieve political and social reform in a way which the modern Labour Party would never contemplate. I have been pleasantly surprised by the reception for these ideas, which I believe proves that our new party is vital and forward-looking. My hope is that the new ideas will encourage debate and discussion within the party—and healthy disagreement too. Neither Liberals or Social Democrats were afraid of airing their views. But until I began my tours round the country, I had not realised quite what a thinking, challenging party it is that I hope to lead.

However, I also manage to find time in the schedule to fit in my constituency work and, where possible, parliamentary activity. When the Education Bill comes back to the Commons from the Lords in July, as education spokesman I will devote my time to trying to ensure that the Jenkins amendment on university funding is not thrown out, and that the SLD opposition to this damaging piece of legislation is as vociferous as ever. But one point that I have made consistently throughout the campaign is that I do not believe it is essential for our parliamentarians to spend all their spare time squirrelled away in the House of Commons. We must get out into the country to meet our members and voters and involve them in the political process. My campaign is run by an alarmingly competent group of people who have set up constituency and county-wide organisations. All our known supporters are filed on a database, constant mailings are sent out to keep members up-to-date with events and stimulate interest, and before every meeting local people are provided with the background information they want. The style and efficiency of the organisation could, I believe, be a blueprint for the future organisation of the party, particularly at election time. One key aspect of my campaign is the use of the new technologies. I am able to keep in constant touch with the key members of my team by phone, fax and computer modem regardless of which part of the country I am in. The advances made in the new technologies offer great hope for improving communication generally—and for a political party which must respond instantly to events, they are invaluable.

The campaign has been a very challenging and, at times, exhausting, experience. But for the prospective leader of any political party to be able to get round the country to meet the party members does wonders for morale, both of the members and the individual. I get home at the end of every evening more confident than ever that the SLD is building itself up to become a major force in British politics. And delighted to know that I am forbidden to buy anyone a drink until after 28 July.

ROGER WODDIS

You're sensational

(Variation on an original theme by Cole Porter)

"Nobody is being shown the text. All we know is that it's going to be sensational."—a closely placed source, on Mikhail Gorbachev's speech to the 19th Communist Party conference, quoted in the Observer

The conference delegates shift in their seats,
Awaiting the text,
And when it's over they turn white as sheets—
If that's just the start, whatever next?

We've no proof
You wouldn't mind if hundreds hit the roof,
But you're sensational.
We don't care
If you declare you're anti-doctrinaire,
'Cause you're sensational.
Revolution's no romance;
The best were thrilled, but the rest were chilled
And filled their pants.
If glasnost gives
Conservatives the urge to leave the hall,
We'll have a ball,
'Cause you're sensational,
Sensational,
That's all, that's all, that's all.

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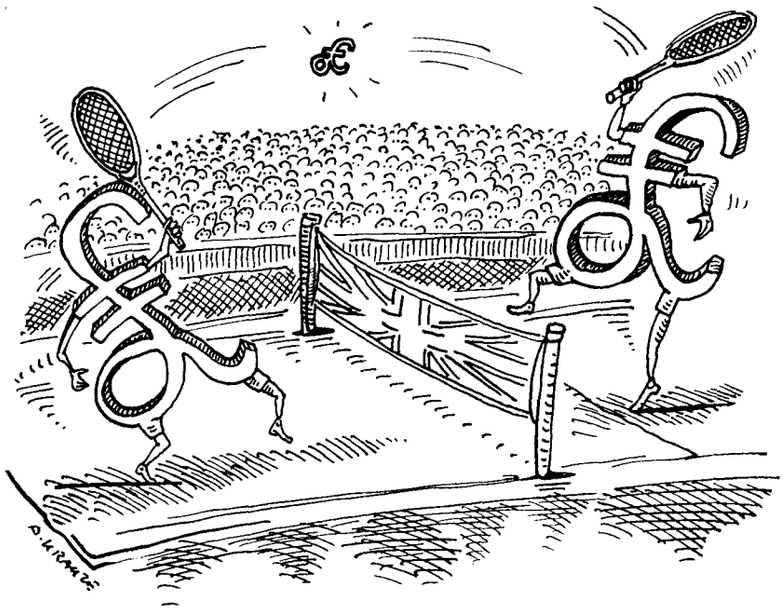
Making a racket

Wimbledon's doing very nicely as it is. Why can't those nasty New Right people leave it alone?



Tennis in Britain has a curiously frivolous image. Every June we wonder quite why we are so bad at it, but we do so self-mockingly and rather smugly, as though it's really a jolly good thing not to get too worked up over a mere game. Television and the sunny weather conspire to reassure us that Wimbledon is a tremendously popular event and quite the best-managed tennis championships in the world. That terribly shy duke and duchess give away the prizes and Fergie and Di and various boy friends and girl friends, and mums and dads, of the stars turn up. Sometimes the stars misbehave, but that's part of the fun really...

But now some wretched ideologues of the New Right have begun to probe below the surface. And quick to respond to the whims of political fashion, so too has the odd Tory MP. For a moment it looked as though the ticket touts were to be enrolled as heralds of free enterprise, but sterner spirits were soon arguing that the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club was guilty of underpricing the tickets.

The club's officials have a pat return for such charges; they argue that they hold a balance between staying competitive and allowing "as many enthusiasts as possible" to see the tennis. In fact, they provide neither a free nor a popular market. As Amanda Mitchison discovered (see page 10), "enthusiasts" from the general public paying on the day are lucky to catch a glimpse of Martina Navratilova's thigh. They come well behind the All England Club members, debenture holders, company directors with their hospitality marquees, umpires, press and county tennis chaps, all of whom have reserved seats which they can use privately or sell off at gross profits through touts or discreet ads in *The Times* and the *Telegraph*.

This isn't exactly a secret. It's one of those peculiarly English customs which just isn't talked about. The trouble with these free-market fellows, though, is that they're rather bored. They have more or less dismembered the public sector now; almost everything that can make a profit will sooner rather than later be sold off. So now they're sniffing around the professions and — can it be true? — dear old oligarchies like the All England Club. Anything to keep that reforming zeal from running dry.

What a lark it would be, you can hear the radical nasties at the Centre for Policy Studies chortling to themselves, to take these privatocracies to task. Why not, for example, dig out the Smith report on tennis — you remember, the one which we all ignored in the flush of Maggie's first electoral triumph. Couldn't we persuade that young blood, Colin Moynihan, to order a review of what's been done since? He will be at a bit of a loose end until the football season starts.

Now this official report was all a bit embarrassing for Wimbledon. But the press naturally played it down and it was soon forgotten. The report found that the major obstacle to popularising tennis in Britain was the crusty and incestuous elite at the top of the game. It had hard words to say about their "amateur approach to the guidance and direction of the game".

This elite sits guard in three bodies which the report said were best regarded as a partnership: the All England Club, the richest, most exclusive private club in the country; its parent company, which owns the Wimbledon freehold; and the Lawn Tennis Association, the sport's governing body. The officials and finances of these bodies were, in the Smith report's words, "inextricably interwoven". Moreover, the LTA largely owns the Queen's Club, another very expensive private tennis club in west London.

Now what might interest the Sports Minister is not that the set-up is profoundly undemocratic. What major institution in British life isn't?

No, it's that the Smith report made a lot of fuss about the amateur administration of the sport and how little of the loot from Wimbledon — which is, after all, the equivalent of our national tennis championships — found its way down to the grassroots. In the best traditions of British life, it said that "action on any conclusions and recommendations would... be wholly the prerogative of the LTA".

But if Lord Young can put the frighteners on the lawyers (well, a bit), why shouldn't a radical young spoilsport like Moynihan disturb the idylls of the members' enclosure at Wimbledon? What's to stop him from leaping in to ask what progress they have made? He could justify what's he's doing with a few buzz-words like efficiency and waste and dignify the enterprise with lofty sentiments about encouraging popular participation in sport.

Anyone for tennis?

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Banners from the National Museum of Labour History's collection: £400,000 needs to be spend on conservation

Future of Labour Museum in doubt

With the trade unions in crisis and the party in the doldrums, the Labour movement may now lose its history. The National Museum of Labour History is facing extinction unless an eleventh-hour intervention by the TUC can sort out the mess.

The museum, founded in 1975, is technically insolvent with debts of £98,000. More importantly, its exhibits are in chaos.

Booted out of its premises in Limehouse town hall in 1986 by the incoming Tower Hamlets Alliance council, the museum moved to Manchester attracted by promises of a new home and permanent funding. But the city council found that the museum collection of banners, books and other memorabilia was in a condition more befitting a Labour party jumble sale than a museum claiming national status.

Repeated calls by the council for an inventory from the museum director, Terry McCarthy, and the trustees, who include Michael Foot and Gwyneth Dunwoody, failed to illicit a response, and Manchester eventually commissioned an independent report into the state of the collection.

A reading of the report would bring tears to the eyes of any old union battler. The banners, the core of the collection, have been badly stored in a damp basement in Salford town hall and had already been damaged by poor restoration. They now require £400,000 spent on them alone. Other items such as Tom Paine's table, H.M. Hyndman's desk and Prince Kropotkin's chair have not been properly documented and without authentication are worthless. The report says: "There is no accessions register, no catalogue and almost no files showing how the objects were acquired."

The trustees argue that the banners were mostly found in pub meeting rooms and trade union headquarters, and were already in a poor condition.

Manchester, together with a consortium of neighbouring local authorities, is offering two buildings, £800,000 to cover refurbishment and £350,000 running costs for the first three years. Manchester wants a renovated museum, possibly combined with Labour party archives, to be run by expert staff. The offer is conditional on McCarthy (an academic with no professional museum qualifications) and his two colleagues being fired. The trustees have refused to accept this, arguing that McCarthy has devoted the last 13 years to bringing the collection together and preserving it.

The deadlock was broken at last month's meeting of the trustees where both parties agreed to abide by the findings of a further report, to be undertaken by the TUC and delivered at the end of this month. Although the TUC has never conferred official status on the museum because of its unhappiness over the way the collection has been kept, the inquiry is to be led by its president Clive Jenkins. If the trustees and the council can't then come to an agreement the exhibits will have to be sold to pay the debts. The TUC may have been spurred into action by the fact that the largest creditor is the electricians' union, the EETPU which is owed £35,000 and would therefore lay claim to most of the "crown jewels" of the movement it is about to be booted out of. *Christian Wolmar*

FO backs down on IRA-link smears

The Foreign Office has admitted making—and been forced to correct—serious inaccuracies in a propaganda document issued through British embassies abroad and to sympathetic journalists in Britain. The document, described as a "Background Brief" and entitled *The Provisional IRA - International Contacts Outside the United States*, lists a string of organisations and individuals as alleged supporters of the IRA.

One of those identified as an IRA "contact", Liz Curtis, a well-known writer on Northern Ireland, threatened to sue the Foreign Office when she found out about the document. Now the Treasury (government) solicitor has told Ms Curtis's solicitors that the Foreign Office will withdraw and amend copies of the document. Similar undertakings have been given to Mr Michael Quilligan, an Amsterdam-based campaigner on Ireland, who, according to the brief, did "admit working for Sinn Fein though denying any connection with the IRA." But Quilligan is not and has never said he was a member of Sinn Fein.

Ms Curtis was described as a member of the Troops Out movement. This, and sections of the brief on Mr Quilligan, are now being withdrawn. But the Foreign Office have refused either to apologise for the errors, or to withdraw all references to Ms Curtis and Mr Quilligan. She is outraged by this, describes the style of the document as a "tissue of fabrication and inaccuracy", and points out that the document as a whole is written as though anyone mentioned was indeed an "international contact of the IRA".

Strikingly, sections of the document have been reproduced verbatim in articles by a British journalist – in the *Irish Independent* and in the *Daily Telegraph*. The journalist, Christopher Dobson, did not say in his articles that he had simply copied out some of his words, unacknowledged, from a British government handout. He referred to Quilligan as a Sinn Fein worker in both the *Irish Independent* on 2 May 1988, and in a rewrite of the material in the *Daily Telegraph* the next day.

This use of unattributed smear and government-inspired propaganda by some journalists is a typical result of longstanding government operations of this kind. From 1949 to 1975, a secret Information Research department of the Foreign Office distributed briefings of this kind to journalists.

The department was publicly acknowledged in 1975, renamed the Overseas Information department, and continued operating despite promises by then Foreign Secretary David Owen that its "grey propaganda" operations would end. In 1980, the department was wound up, but the propaganda function has remained, distributed among several other Foreign Office sections. Each propaganda document of this kind says that it is "not and should not be construed or quoted as an expression of government policy". *Duncan Campbell*

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The laager mentality

The expulsion of a member of the Brighton branch of the Musicians' Union would not normally prompt a multinational company to issue lengthy statements decrying the tactics of a political solidarity movement. But the case of Johnny Clegg is a peculiar one altogether. Although Clegg was born in Rochdale, he has lived in South Africa since the age of six. Naturally, he performs regularly in that country; and thereby contravenes the MU's longstanding embargo on such engagements.

The MU argues, reasonably enough, that Clegg can't have it both ways: British citizenship may not be used as a means of sidestepping the cultural boycott. However, Clegg's management, communicating via EMI's press office, does not draw clear distinctions between the MU, Artists Against Apartheid, and the Anti-Apartheid Movement. It presents the dispute in terms of the broader issues surrounding the cultural boycott; also accusing the three organisations of "exerting pressure" on Clegg, and of keeping him off the bill of the recent Mandela tribute at Wembley.

What is not in dispute is Clegg's commitment to resistance against apartheid. In the 1970s, Clegg, who is white, broke the law by playing with a black fellow-musician to mixed audiences. This would seem to be an exemplary case of the kind of cultural activity, supporting the liberation struggle, which the ANC considers should be exempt from the boycott. However, Stan Martin of the MU points out that his union's policy is determined by its own members, not the ANC.

Martin is an eloquent spokesman for the proponents of a boycott without exemptions. "It's a bit like a strike," he says. "A strike's a crude weapon, and so is a boycott." MU policy does not take into account the emergence in South Africa of organisations dedicated to forging links between artists and activists, and to using culture to promote the struggle both inside and outside the country. In the 1987 Canon Collins Memorial Lecture, Oliver Tambo spoke of an "alternative culture" with "its own institutions and structures which are aligned to the mass democratic organisations in our country", and declared that "those who belong to this category of dedicated fighters of a genuine and demoratic culture should not be boycotted, but should be encouraged".

Clegg's management argues that Clegg should receive such encouragement, and notes the despatch of a message of support from the UDF to the AAM. It concludes: "What is even more difficult to understand is why English anti-apartheid forces are ignoring the UDF cultural desk who are trying to assist anti-apartheid forces identify progressive S.A. artists as opposed to those propagating apartheid culture."

The organisations concerned are able to refute many of Clegg's specific assertions. But the general burden of this conclusion will strike a chord with South African activists who are frustrated by the British lack of interest in the work of those actually living under apartheid and practising cultural resistance. Unfortunately, positive responses to Tambo's call for encouragement seem scarcer than reiterations of why things can't be done. The picket-line ideal of an impenetrable barrier round South African culture, which commands dogged support in some British anti-apartheid circles, probably does more to uphold the shibboleths of the traditional British left than it does for the cultural resistance in South Africa. Down there, such attitudes are known as the "laager mentality". *Marek Kohn*

Drive on drink off target

Mrs Thatcher is demanding immediate action to curb the rising tide of drinking. A few football hooligans appear to have succeeded where a clutch of reports from the royal medical colleges have failed to galvanise the government into action.

Ministers had always argued that the social problems caused by alcohol must not be allowed to interfere with the pleasure of the majority of "responsible" drinkers.

The facts are we are drinking 60 per cent more alcohol than we were 20 years ago and it is causing between 5,000 and 40,000 premature deaths as well as much illness, many accidents and crimes of violence. The single most effective measure to contain this catalogue of harm would be to raise the price of drink.

But which drink? The ministerial review is focussing on beer, the hooligan's fuel, whose price, as it happens, has risen most—by 52 per cent between 1979 and 1985 compared with 42 per cent for spirits and 37 per cent for wine. Beer drinking is actually falling while wine and spirit drinking is rising. Twopence on a pint might save the odd shop window but £1 on a bottle of spirits could save thousands of lives. But would the cocktail-drinking classes swallow it? *Jeremy Laurance*

Bang goes the Boom

For the first time since the government's monetarist equivalent of Year Zero in 1979, economic normality is being restored.

That imports would exceed exports in May was expected. A record deficit of £1.2 billion was not. A balance of payments crisis, that old staple of sixties and seventies economic policy is looming again.

Nigel Lawson does not have anywhere much to look for solace. He faces record imports, falling exports, and the worst ever trade gap.

This hat-trick of woes exposes the hollowness of Lawson's budget threesome. Increased public expenditure, tax cuts and reduced government borrowing are seen for the book keeping exercises they were.

Lawson knew in March that he was playing fast and loose with the economy. But he expected a current account deficit of £4 billion for the year. That figure has been passed already in the first five months. The final figure is likely to be nearer £10 billion.

The significance of this overheating cannot be exaggerated. The Treasury is confident that the deficit can be financed. But this confidence will not survive further lurches into the red. The deficit has grown larger in each of the last four quarters. Indeed the deficit for May alone is not far short of the figure for the whole of last year.

If it continues to worsen, the government will eventually be forced to rein in the consumer-led boom. That could spell the beginning of the end for the Conservative bandwagon.

The government's electoral popularity is uniquely grounded in its economic policy. It depends upon convincing a sizeable minority of voters that they are better off than when they last visited the polling station.

Opinion polls may show the government trailing the Opposition on the poll tax, education, housing, the health service and more besides. But when it comes to the crunch enough voters have shown that their thoughts are with their wallets.

This may now be the source of optimism rather than pessimism for the Opposition parties. If the boom goes bust, the government's air of invincibility will evaporate. Economic dissatisfaction will join the list of grievances against the Conservatives. It would be decisive. *James Stephenson*

Thumbs-up for DNA

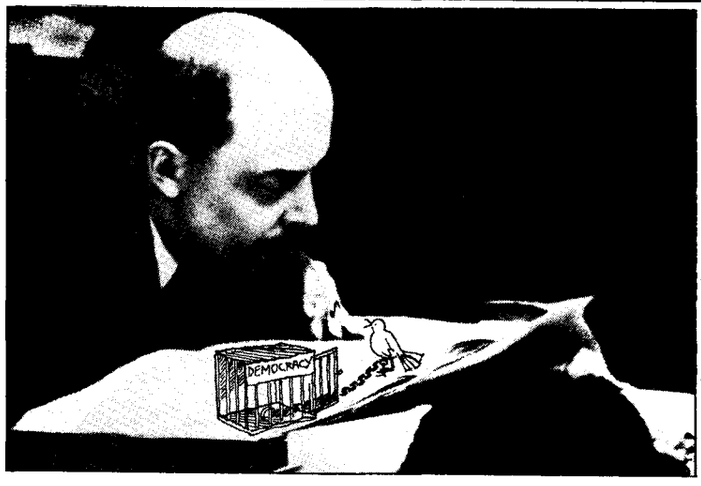
Home Secretary Douglas Hurd has agreed to fund genetic fingerprinting for people seeking entry to Britain who claim to be the dependents of families already settled here. An announcement is expected in the Commons next month.

The decision is a marked reversal in policy and follows protests at the Home Office's rejection of evidence from private tests and claims that Hurd has been delaying to avoid thousands of new immigrants.

Hurd is now accepting the findings of his own research project into DNA fingerprint testing with 36 families in Pakistan and Bangladesh. The study team found the technique extremely accurate.

Max Madden MP, one of Labour's immigration experts, welcomed the move but predicted that to counter its effects ministers would rush to trigger the new Immigration Act in August, when it would cease to be an automatic right for families of men settled before 1973 to come to Britain. They will have to prove they could support and maintain their families and they had accommodation waiting for them. *John Lewis*

GRAFFITI BY PAIGE



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Berlin land squatters' protest

The strains of mega-star Michael Jackson across the Wall may cause disruption in East Berlin, but on the other side protests have been sparked by an issue that's more down to earth. On 25 May, a group of "autonomists" and anarchists occupied four hectares of overgrown land in opposition to the Berlin Senate's plan to build a four to six-lane highway through the area.

The history of the Lenné/Kubat Triangle follows the strange logic of tenure and occupation that prevails throughout the divided city. The area is officially part of East Berlin, but lies against the West side of the Wall. As a result it has remained undeveloped since the end of the second world war and has become a fertile no-man's land where 161 different plants grow. Recently, the East German government agreed to sell it for 76 million marks to the West Berlin Senate for a 500 million mark road scheme.

The anarchists and autonomists formed the nucleus of Berlin's radical squatters' movement in the early eighties. Within the established political framework, support for their current action has been voiced by the Alternative Liste (Berlin's Greens) which says the money would be better spent on more cycle lanes and the re-opening the tramlines, some of which would serve the most deprived areas of the city. The Greens point out that not only will the construction destroy the vegetation and rare ecological harmony which has taken 40 years to establish, it will also rip out a much-needed "green lung" from an already polluted city.

Until the transfer of ownership later this month, the West Berlin state has no jurisdiction over the Triangle and no right of entry. As it is adjacent to the British sector, the Senate unsuccessfully asked the British army to intervene. Meanwhile, grim-faced riot police and tourists alike cluster around the perimeter fences. The sight which greets them is one of tents and "benders", small, naked children playing with dogs, vividly coloured hair, torn clothes, sheets painted with radical slogans and punks and hippies chatting good-naturedly in the sun.

The inhabitants do not see the occupation as an environmental protest alone, but as an assertion of alternative lifestyles in the face of an oppressive state. Decisions about camp organisation are taken collectively at plenary meetings. Theoretically, at least, there is no sexual division of the communal labour: tending the goats, chickens and garden, working in the *Volksküche* (people's kitchen) or digging trenches against incursions.

The media have largely been hostile to the protest. In reporting the arrest of an activist named Christian for threatening police officers with a gun, they omitted to mention that the weapon was a toy water pistol. Recently, however, Berlin TV news did show police throwing stones and firing tear-gas into the Triangle. Protesters claim the police have tried to prevent food and water being taken in and have used water cannons to destroy camp dwellings.

Not surprisingly, there is an air of militancy: "We want to be peaceful, but people aren't willing to be kicked around," said one activist. Some wish to defend the camp and its ideals of communality and autonomy after the hand over. Others see that as unrealistic and just hope that the denouement will not be too violent.

Linda Steele

Entering the political no-go arena

This week's "Time to Go" charter, launched in the wake of Amnesty's call for a judicial inquiry into "shoot-to-kill" incidents, is the first serious attempt to break the mould of the British debate on Northern Ireland since the army was sent in "to keep the peace" in 1969.

The organisers' aim is not primarily to offer a policy line on Northern Ireland but to open the political debate, which until now has been locked in the left fringe.

"We want to sweep in a much bigger part of society," says campaign chair Clare Short MP. "At the moment, the advocacy of withdrawal is instantly denounced as covert support for the IRA—so the debate remains very primitive."

In the hope of popularising the campaign and opening up a broad discussion on withdrawal, 100 founding luminaries from the artistic, political and academic worlds (names as

WOSTEJOCKS
UNEMPLOYABLES BENEFIT OFFICE
A-F
(INCL. DOWAGERS)
A
THE SERVICE IN HERE IS SIMPLY ATROCIOUS!
NOW LOOK HERE CHAPPIE!-I STILL HAVEN'T RECEIVED MY GIRO FOR £5000 A WEEK BACKDATED TO APRIL!!!
IS THIS THE RIGHT ONE FOR SMALL DOUBLE "f"s?
UNEMPLOYABLES BENEFIT OFFICE
CLAIMANTS
G-R
(INCL. DESERVING CASES)
B
YOU MAY BE ENTITLED TO HELP FROM THE CIVIL LIST CHECK WITH YOUR FINANCIAL ADVISER NOW
POWS
ISA LIFE SENTENCE
LET ME THROUGH!! MY MOTHER IS HAVING SERIOUS PROBLEMS WITH HER CIVIL LIST PAYMENTS!!
YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE ME A SAYSHAL FUND LOAN FOR SATIN CURTAINS AND A LEATHERETTE POUFFE! I MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO PUT ON MY HEAD!!
I'M JUST A RANDOM UPPER-CLASS STEREOTYPE
WHO'RE YOU?
WHY THE RHINO-PROOF RAILINGS? DON'T THEY TRUST ME??
FAMILY CREDIT GOLD CARD?? -THAT'LL DONICELY MA'AM!!
EXCLUSIVE PICTURES OF WHAT GOES ON INSIDE THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE AT HENLEPSCOTWIMBLEWOOD
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diverse as A J P Taylor and Alexei Sayle) have signed the charter attacking the policies that have led to 3,000 deaths in "20 wasted years".

The theme of waste and failure will be emphasised by Time To Go vice-chair Peter Hain, who brings the new movement his experience in the anti-apartheid and anti-nazi movements. "The withdrawal campaign has almost been run as the British wing of the Republican movement, which I think is a basic political mistake in terms of mobilising public opinion here," he argues.

Hain and Short believe they can harness existing opinion poll support for "bringing our boys home". They feel the move is timely and could capitalise on the continuing Sinn Fein/SDLP talks and the possibility of Unionist discussions with Dublin.

Clare Short defines Time to Go as an "outside-in" initiative. "We're not going to get any kind of sea-change in the debate on Ireland from inside the House of Commons. But we would hope that there will be a new mood, a broader engagement of people, a more mature debate."

Sean O'Neill

THIS ENGLAND

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

● PC Dennis Murphy told the court police had originally decided to treat the case as suspicious because of Miss Dixon's excessive bruises to her face and body. But this position changed when police discovered "it was done by her boyfriend." — *Islington Gazette* (Elizabeth Russell)

● A boy aged thirteen who is wanted in connection with 20 burglaries was said yesterday to be the youngest fugitive from justice to flee to Spain. Last night his mother claimed "police harassment" had driven him abroad, and maintained he was travelling on a "forged passport" and was also a master of disguise. She added that he would not be back for six months, unless "it is on the quiet and wearing a wig and a dress." — *The Times* (Derek Morgan)

● Mr Senior, now separated from his wife, is accused of assault causing actual bodily harm. He said he would not have dragged her across the floor if he had known there was glass and crockery there. — *The Times* (Miss L Leschke)

● The Princess of Wales wears a plain but dramatic black evening dress, with the minimum of jewellery—pearl and diamond earrings, a five-strand pearl bracelet and her engagement ring. — *Majesty* (Claudia Pritchard)

PARLIAMENT

Leading questions

Sarah Benton

While the world holds its breath to see if John Smith will break from the pack to make his race for the leadership, let us ask what Labour wants from its leader and what role parliament has in any of this.

There was a moment, a few weeks ago, when the Tory leadership was jigging about on interest rates. Labour's leader rose to press Mrs Thatcher and he stumbled mid-sentence. The Tory backbenchers set up their boyish chant of "er er er" which they do whenever Neil Kinnock falters. Mrs Thatcher gleefully commented that the hon. gentleman didn't seem in command of his brief and sat down to Tory cheers and sullen Labour silence without answering the question. Which is also customary.

Neil Kinnock emanates uncertainty on the economy. John Smith exudes quiet confidence. When Neil Kinnock rises in parliament or appears on television I feel anxious. When John Smith does, I relax. And how Labour MPs long for a confident leader. But how far John Smith could move beyond his command of economics is unknown. While command of economics is, for the inner circles of politics, the essence of politics itself, the same is not true for the electorate at large, for most of whom the links between interest rates, money supply and exchange rates remain great mysteries.

So should the party leader generate confidence in his or her ability to unravel such mysteries? Or speak the language of the people on social and moral affairs? Last week, the politician making the running on popular politics was, in fact, Roy Hattersley with his emphatic charges against the moral consequences of Thatcherism. This genuinely gave a lead—meaning he came up with a political argument which other MPs could use to go on the attack. On Friday morning, in a virtually deserted Chamber, Harry Cohen, MP for Leyton, used it to some effect in the debate on policing in London. But no Labour leader has pioneered a popular argument against racism (believing, wrongly, there aren't any); Terry Dicks got away with a "populist" speech on alien West Indian culture and criminality, to a bubbling of solitary protest from Diane Abbott.

In fact, Tony Banks did adroitly condemn Dicks for his "racism, vulgar abuse and dementia". Tony Banks is one of the best parliamentary operators, making up in cleverness what he lacks in passion. He has resigned as one of Labour's whips (over the disciplining of Ron Brown) and this comes to the root of Labour's parliamentary problems. Relationships between front bench and PLP, between PLP and supporters outside, are infinitely more at odds than those in the Conservative party. Blaming it all on Neil Kinnock is the easy way out.

Conservative backbenchers are organised in one grouping—the 1922 committee. Labour backbenchers are divided according to political leaning. They only come together in the PLP which meets once a week for the whips to hand out their marching orders and a second time for more open discussion. But that fragile flower rarely blooms. There is no meeting at which leaders and led sit down to work out a political strategy, to debate the political arguments which advance Labour's case and go for the weak points of Thatcher's. But so inturned is the PLP that the evident frailties of Thatcher and her boys evaporate at their first jeering roar.

The roars and jeers came thick and fast on Wednesday night last week when the parties met to debate proposals for paying the costs of Opposition. In 1975, when the money was first paid, Nigel Lawson made a sterling attack on the whole scheme for undermining the parlous state of the parties. This time round it consisted of Tory jeers at Labour's weakness, loud Tory thigh-slapping (yes they do slap their thighs) at Dennis Skinner's uproarious, but pointless, speech and a small point from Clare Short on the difference between a Tory MP with his extra-parliamentary time and income and a Labour MP. Though nearly all Labour backbenchers agree on the impossibility of doing an Opposition job properly, none made this speech, politically, and in public.

Certainly resources available to the Opposition, compared with those available to the Conservatives, are crucial to their effectiveness. But it is more importantly a problem of political relationships. John Prescott is challenging Hattersley for the post of Deputy, and Ron Davies is standing for Chief Whip, not on the grounds of policy, but of relationships within the party. Here Neil Kinnock is at fault; as even Ken Livingstone says, at least you could talk to John Smith without sparking the cry of "disloyalty" with which insecure Neil responds to discussion. But the problem is not just of Kinnock's making. Mrs Thatcher was made into a leader by her party. Until Labour admits it actually wants a leader, and works out a political relationship with him or her, it can only unmake leaders. And that will go for John Smith and Tony Benn too.

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Wimbledon the wacky

Wimbledon is a testimony to all that is English —it is decent, proper, undemocratic and unfair.

Amanda Mitchison

I first met the *Mud* in the press bar the day Boris Becker refused to pay a parking ticket and Barbara Bra-bra Potter wore panties personalised with the words "smart ass". The Mud has a plump cherubic face, curly blond hair and a liking for tropical cocktail shirts. He was watching football on the monitor screen and dreaming of holidays in some sun splashed spot with free beer and fatty but flavourful food. He was muttering to himself: "Bonking Boris Becker told to bugger off...No. Bonker Boris blazes out at car bark...still not right..."

The following day the king of alliteration was standing near the official entrance waiting for the Duchess of York. He asked the *Stink*, "How about 'Fergie the Fidget wriggled and giggled?'"

"And you wonder why your intros get rewritten," replied Stink. He swivelled a gravid belly towards Mud and added, "You could wrap her twice round Di, she must be 14 months gone."

Mud: "Awhh, leave her alone."

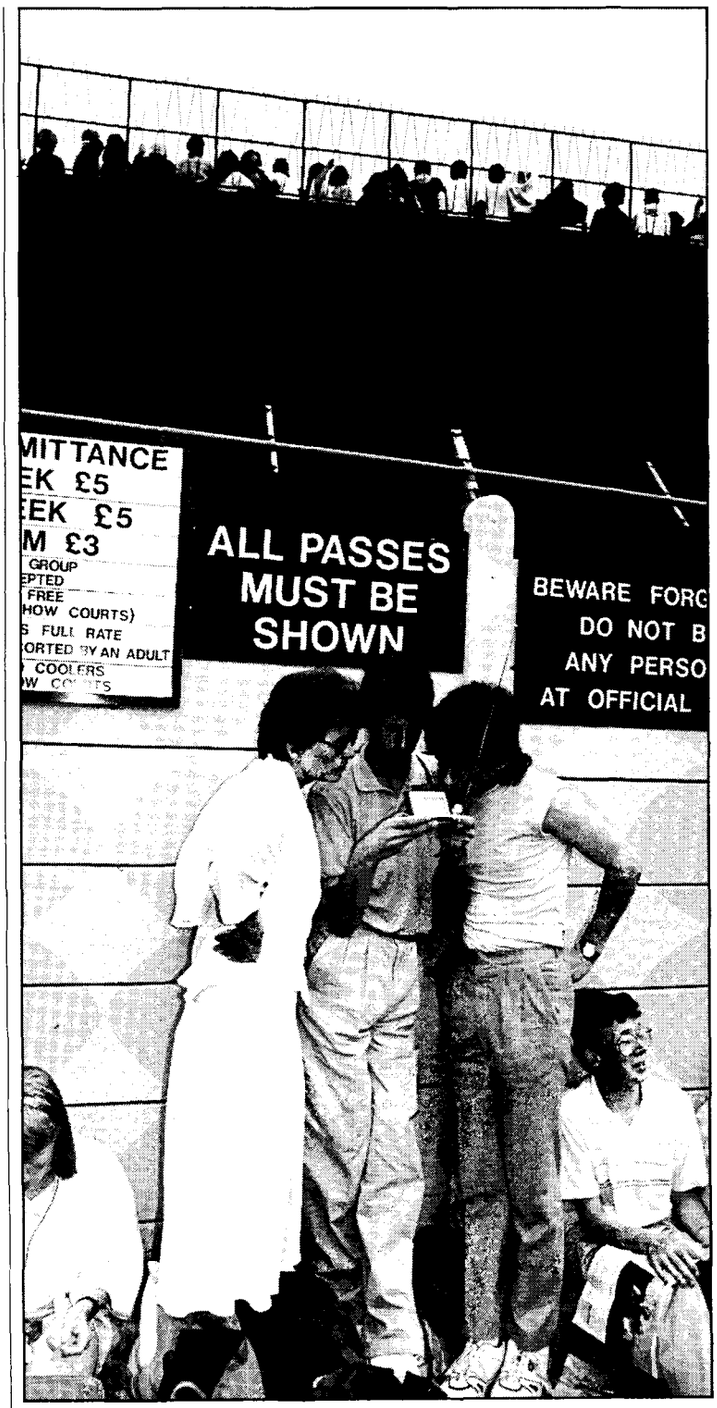
Stink: "I never did it . . ."

"Whooa! Arwf. Arwf." etc.

The wriggler and giggler waddled out to her Jaguar, gave a wave and was off. To Mud's consternation, she put on her seat belt. His "fullsome funloving Fergie forgets to fasten" had to be discarded. A scrawl on Mud's notebook said: "Trinity Hospice...max. 3 days to live—last wish—determined to watch —cancer—Mr James—behind internat. box...in peaked cap...VIP treatment.—It was pretty tame stuff and he looked worried."

A *Daily Muck* photographer, however, was luckier—he had spotted George Harrison and his ex-wife in the crowd. He said, "It's worse than ever this year—we were told to go for the knickers and incidentals. Even the Muck never did that in the past. And if they take their panties off on court 14 and you are not there it's big trouble."

You have to admire the tabloids—at least prowling around the competitors' dining room in a dog collar and looking up girls' skirts requires a sporting sense of the hunt. Not so for the quality press. The All-England Lawn Tennis Club provides media guides, potted histories of the players, up-to-the-minute press releases and transcripts of almost everything. The journalists can watch the important matches in the television monitoring room and crib the BBC commentary. They can shuffle over to the free Coca Cola and coffee dispensers and wander down for a breath of fresh air to the pre-arranged press conferences on the ground floor.



"Wimbledon is run with the nervous silliness of a minor public school — hydrangeas, uniforms and decorum"

The gutter hacks are more in tune with the spirit of the tournament. The public don't come for the tennis—most readily admit that they can watch the game better on television. Instead Wimbledon is about those very English participation sports: standing in line, getting piddled and being ticked off by men in uniforms.

It requires the maximum time and effort even to get into the grounds of the club. First Joe Public must elbow his way onto the train at Earls Court, where he will encounter a vanguard of ticket touts. Afterwards he will wait in a long queue at the entrance to Wimbledon, and suffer a second serious onslaught from the touts.

Once past the entrance gates, the customer can worm his way into a standing space to watch the less prestigious matches or he can queue up for ludicrously expensive drinks and strawberries. Otherwise he can queue up to buy cast-off centre court and court no 1 tickets or ask for them from people leaving. Here again he will probably have to queue as the strategic begging points fill up quickly.

The centre court battlements are made up of concentric, concrete corridors guarded by commissaires and security boys. If a member of the public gets as far as the staircase entrances, and if the ticket holders in front are wearing shorts and standing with their legs apart, he may just get an A-shaped view of the audience on the opposite side.

The All England Lawn Tennis Association only does it to annoy. The public can follow the game on electronic repeater scoreboards and

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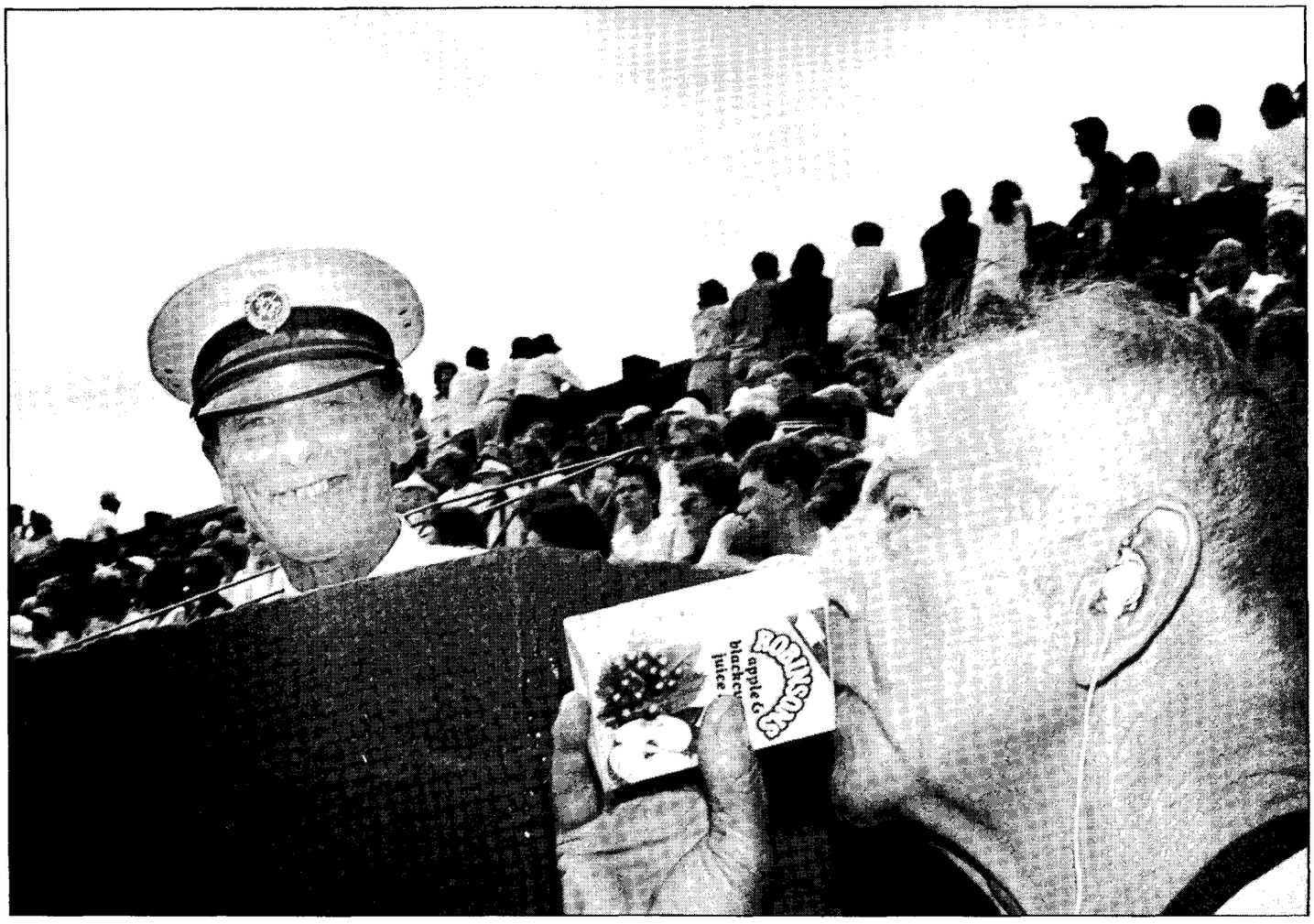

For those who can't get a view there is always the overpriced food—hot dogs have been officially re-named "sausage in crusty roll"

can hear the groans and cheers from centre court. They just can't watch—there are no legitimate peepholes, and no television screens relaying the match.

Other areas are closed off with opaque glass, or surrounded by maze-like hedges. A security guard told me that to enter the members' marquee you have to be able to walk on water. The few that manage this sort of feat get punch drunk afterwards: "We saw part of Navratilova's thighs and I commented that they are far more muscular than Roger's." Or: "We managed to get into the players enclosure at court no 1. A couple of young yuppy chaps tried to come in afterwards. There was this man playing God and, well, he was too *English* to say 'get on your bike' but he turned them back. He wanted to know if we were alright and then he asked (imitates posh voice) 'Is this serviceman obstructing your view?' It was quite wonderful."

Wimbledon is run with the nervous silliness of a minor public school—inscriptions from Kipling, hydrangeas, a worrying emphasis on uniforms and decorum. Players can be fined £500 for temper tantrums on

court and may get "scratched" for not conforming to dress regulations. The ball boys and girls are dressed up like Brighton Rock and made to stand and crouch in quasi-military postures during the game. The All England Lawn Tennis Club calls a hot dog a "sausage in crusty bread" and cannot resist telling you that "the weight, size, bounce and compression of balls are strictly regulated." Even the plastic waste disposal bins are in the club colours.

Tradition is also fostered in a heritage museum where I discovered that tennis balls once came wrapped up in tissue paper like peppermint creams and that horses used to wear special leather mits when they pulled rollers across the lawns. Christine Truman practised on an electrically operated ball thrower which would be condemned on sight by any civil rights group.

These traditions and formalities appeal to the public. For instance, the "Last 8 Club" which is only open to players who have reached the Wimbledon quarterfinals, runs a marquee with colonial cane chairs and rubber plants. Nobody thought the idea was obnoxious. One man, for example, said, "I think that's all rather nice. They are people who've attained something in life."

This must partly account for why the tournament, with all its airport food and snotty rules, is such a good natured event. The British gasp at the good weather and perform acts of unwarranted friendliness: giving away tickets, taking photographs for others and applauding the children at the short tennis court.

Fergie sails up in her Jaguar to take over the royal box. Linda from Huddersfield camps out for two days beside the ticket office in a sleeping bag and bin liner just to get a seat on centre court. As nobody tires of saying, Wimbledon is quintessentially *English*—decent, proper, undemocratic, and unfair. It is a testimony to our abiding love of the lumber room and the Oxon title. And despite this government's drive for enterprise and initiative, the public still recognise a cad: he's called Mud, Muck or Stink and he may be holding tickets.

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The drama of Cleveland

All our anxieties about the phenomenon of child sexual abuse have been caught up in the drama of Cleveland. The stage has been set, the characters established, the drama half unfolded: almost as if in an Agatha Christie play, all we now await is for Mrs Justice Butler-Sloss to confront the cast next week and gradually unmask the villains. The Cleveland affair certainly encompasses the disturbing and many-sided realities of child sexual abuse, but they have gradually been squeezed off the national stage as the media have homed in on the central confrontations between anguished parents and zealous professionals, between the Family and the State, between traditional values and feminism, between Stuart Bell and Marietta Higgs. What is utterly remarkable in this construction of the drama is that the central characters are both missing: the abuser and the abused child.

It is going to be painfully hard for our society to adjust to the dreadful fact of child sexual abuse. Denial is an entirely understandable reaction. But we cannot allow Mrs Justice Butler-Sloss's report next week to purge all our anxieties by identifying a few villains and reassuring us that normality has been restored. That's fine for Agatha Christie's dramas: her victims are mere fictions. As the articles in this special issue demonstrate, normality for the many victims of child sexual abuse is terrible and destructive.

Even for those who recognise this, much of what has happened in Cleveland is disturbing. Children appear to have been taken away without notice — sometimes in the middle of the night — from families, schools, communities. They have been subjected, perhaps arbitrarily, to unpleasant medical examinations— and too much weight has possibly been attached to the results. Parents have been refused adequate access and have scarcely any rights of appeal.

Real though these concerns are, however, they are part of a wider and more complex set of issues: they are too often articulated to deny the realities of child sexual abuse, its incidence and its seriousness; and to defend an idea of the traditional family and the father's role which is at odds with those realities. The media's ferocious pursuit of the rights of families against the invasions of professionals also sits oddly with its equally ferocious onslaught on the very same professionals for failing to intervene after the Tyra Henry and Jasmine Beckford cases in 1985. Is it because it is now happening to the archetypal "happy middle-class family, as nice as you could hope to meet"?

This special issue has been put together to pose the central, but unasked, question at the heart of child sexual abuse: why do so many men abuse their own and other people's children? And then to explain why it is never put, since it appears to be the question which must be put and must be answered if we are ever to protect children.

This assumes a broader response to child sexual abuse than improving the ability of professional workers to identify abuse and to intervene. It assumes that the answer ultimately lies in what we call "normality", by changing the way in which men are brought up to be men. Over the next few weeks, as the debate on Cleveland continues, we shall look at this and the many other issues which the affair raises for our society.

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Jack Hickes

Blaming the messenger

Jane Wynne (above) pioneered the discovery of child sexual abuse. Jeremy Laurance sets her work in its terrible context.

For most people the idea of buggering a one-year-old baby passes understanding. Even professionals in the field confess their earlier disbelief, until confronted with the evidence, at the myriad ways in which adults use children for their own sexual gratification. I give below, therefore, four brief case histories in unpleasant detail so that no reader may miss their import.

- A six-year-old girl disclosed vaginal interference with the fingers starting when she was four. Vulva shows dilatation of hymenal orifice, which is irregular and pale, with scarring at posterior fourchette.
- A three-year-old girl described penile abuse with the help of anatomically correct dolls. Signs of intense vulval reddening and swelling and posterior fourchette tear. Bruising of perianal skin suggests attempted penetration of anus.
- An eight-year-old girl came to school with a love bite on her neck. Dilated hymenal orifice with smooth, rolled edge, excessive reddening and prominent urethra. Anterior tear extending deeply into the anus with purple venous discolouration of anal folds. Child disclosed abuse by male friend of mother.
- A five-year-old boy had unusual lesions (? Burns) on his legs. Anal signs of reddening, dilated circle of veins and old anterior scarring. Older sister had a history of vaginal bleeding and one-year-old sister had multiple anal tears and showed a failure to thrive. Mother confirmed abuse by "man in the street" three years earlier. Children taken into foster care where brother disclosed anal abuse by father. Lesions healed after one month in foster care.

These are confirmed cases of sexual abuse identified by Drs Jane Wynne and Christopher Hobbs in Leeds. If you look up the *Lancet* of 10 October 1987, you will find grotesque colour pictures of these children's damaged genitals. You will find an account of how they seemed: passive or withdrawn, anxious or tense, frozen or mute. Others were angry and aggressive or over-friendly, over-chatty and flirtatious. Not even Stuart Bell, the histrionic Labour MP for Middlesbrough who took up the cudgels on behalf of outraged parents in Cleveland, could deny the pain and hurt revealed here.

Nor are we talking about a handful of cases involving a few deranged sex fiends: sex abuse, we now know, occurs in secret in what are otherwise outwardly normal families. In Leeds, Wynne and Hobbs diagnosed nine cases in 1983; in 1986 they recorded 237. These are at the serious end of the spectrum: not the flasher in the park kind but the Daddy-put-his-willy-in-my-mouth-and-it-tasted-yuckie sort.

Much of the press coverage of these matters in recent months has focused on the feelings of aggrieved parents. "Imagine what it must be like to be an innocent father whose children are taken away without warning," Brian Walden asked in the *Sunday Times*, protesting that "a man accused of abusing his child is in a far worse situation than a man put on trial for murder." Similar points have been raised in the *Independent* ("The families broken by a diagnosis"), the *Listener* ("Unacceptable pressure is put on innocent parents to confess") and most recently in the *Sunday Times Magazine* with a 10,000-word report on one family's case ("Torn apart in Cleveland").

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Much of the publicity has pointed an accusing finger at Wynne as "pioneer" of the controversial sign of reflex anal dilatation (false) and as the person who passed it on to Marietta Higgs in Cleveland (true). Richard Ingrams in the *Observer* deprecated her failure to "repent" in the face of the "appalling havoc her methods have caused." *The Mail on Sunday* ran two front page stories in successive weeks seeking to discredit Wynne and Hobbs' work in Leeds. An accompanying editorial accused them of reinventing the witches of Salem and said they should be sacked.

Some of these articles raised serious issues. The danger of a missed diagnosis has to be set against the danger of a misdiagnosis. The danger of leaving a child in an abusing family has to be set against the danger of removing it. Separating children from their families is itself a form of child abuse. Immense care has to be taken not only in identifying but in handling cases. It is, as those in the field constantly reiterate, a risk business.

But what is disturbing about the public outrage that has greeted the events in Cleveland is that the concern to protect innocent parents is in danger of overwhelming the need to protect abused children. The intense anger generated suggests that behind the proper desire to prevent miscarriages of justice lies an unforgiveable reluctance to lift the veil on sex abuse.

In 1979, Henry Kempe, who first described the battered baby syndrome in the early 1960s, identified six stages in the recognition of abuse. It begins with denial ("It's foreigners and psychotics and nothing to do with the community as a whole"), and moves through acceptance of first physical, then emotional and finally sexual abuse.

We are at the stage today with sexual abuse where we were 20 years ago with physical abuse. We are only just beginning to understand how extensive it is and how to detect it. With physical abuse doctors started by looking at the grosser signs: broken bones and severe bruising. The notion that children were being chastised with burning cigarettes was beyond belief. Only later did doctors develop expertise in distinguishing sorts of injury—pressure marks, for example. Distinguishing signs of buggery from chronic constipation is similarly difficult for most paediatricians today.

After five years' experience, Jane Wynne is now probably the country's leading expert on these signs. She's a warm, blunt northerner, aged 43, married with two young children, who has committed her professional life to the least fashionable corner of medicine: the care of the abused and the handicapped. She is said to be "absolutely committed" to the children, with whom she has a "special rapport". Like many committed doctors, she inspires intense loyalty in her patients; parents of her handicapped children organised a demonstration recently to back her demand for extra support.

She is liked and admired by social workers and the police, but her consultant colleagues are more wary. The main problem is the absence of any basis on which to judge her work. As one put it: "She knows a great deal more than any of the rest of us about sex abuse and we are therefore scientifically not in a position to say whether she is right or wrong." The intense professional disagreements have fuelled worries about the impact of her work ("Today Cleveland, tomorrow Leeds," was one comment) and the risk of its bringing paediatrics into disrepute.

Since 1983, Wynne and Hobbs have diagnosed nearly 400 cases of sex abuse in Leeds. They were first alerted to the problem by two visiting social workers from America where recognition of the syndrome was much further advanced. They read all the literature and discussed the issues exhaustively before diagnosing their first case. She is confident they have made "very few" mistakes. "If I'm wrong where are all the complaints?" she asks.

She has received just one at her health authority. Leeds social services department has received eight, only some of which involve Wynne. Derek James, the director, admits: "When you are dealing with so many imponderables, with the way human beings think and behave, it would be very surprising if some mistakes had not been made." But very few children have been returned to their families by the courts.

She denies, unconvincingly, holding feminist views, presumably because of fears about what the *Mail on Sunday* might do with such revelations. But you have to come from somewhere in that psycho-political region to generate the necessary level of indignation about sex abuse. Studies show that even among professionals, women are much more likely than men to perceive sex abuse as a serious problem.

Dealing with imponderables, with the way human beings think and behave, it would be surprising if mistakes weren't made

But colleagues insist that she is not a zealot. "She has too much self-awareness and self-discipline for that. She is too good a doctor," says one. She is said sometimes to get "too emotionally involved" with the children. She has no hesitation in browbeating social services or the DHSS into providing money or help for a family she thinks needs it. "If she doesn't call to tear a strip off me at least once a month I wonder what's wrong," says Derek James.

Wynne insists her work has been misrepresented. The importance of reflex anal dilatation as a sign of sex abuse has been grossly exaggerated. A doctor would no more diagnose sex abuse on the basis of this single sign than he or she would diagnose meningitis on the basis of a stiff neck. There is no "fingerprint" approach to diagnosis. It's like a jigsaw. There are the physical signs, the behaviour, what the child says, details about the family. You come to recognise a pattern of signs and symptoms in cases where abuse is admitted and when you see that pattern again without an admission you can be "reasonably confident" that abuse has occurred.

Sometimes the signs are so obvious they cannot be mistaken. "One of the first cases I saw was a three year old with a tear in her hymen, three or four anal fissures and a gaping anus. I looked at her six year old brother – he had gross reflex anal dilatation and a lax anus. It's there, you can see it." Neither child admitted being abused but the father later made a full confession.

But more than half of Wynne and Hobbs cases showed no abnormal physical signs at all (masturbation, oral sex and vaginal intercourse with a teenager may leave no mark). Only 16 per cent had been anally abused—but this is more common in older boys and very young children (buggery is anatomically possible with a one year old but vaginal intercourse does not become possible until a girl is seven or eight). "We are trying to get anal abuse into the corner where it belongs which is really quite small," says Wynne.

Even among the cases of anal abuse, less than half showed reflex anal dilatation. The sign is only one of ten physical indicators of anal abuse. Others include gaping sphincter, fissures, dilated veins, bruising, thickened scars and so on.

Once the diagnosis is made an appropriate response has to be decided on. There is a long history of interest in child abuse in Leeds and close links between the police, social workers and paediatricians. They enjoy what Derek James describes as a "frank, open and somewhat combative" relationship. "We've never had skulking in the bushes and talking behind closed doors. Anyone with a proper interest has been allowed to say absolutely anything. We had disputes over the handling of cases and a lot of shouting at each other. But we thrashed them out. We put a lot of effort into that." It is a far cry from the atmosphere of mutual suspicion that seems to have pervaded Cleveland.

The openness of this relationship allows the social workers to respond flexibly, judging each case on its merits. Sometimes there will be gross signs of sex abuse but the mother, once alerted, is able to protect the child who consequently need not be removed. Or, if the father is the abuser, he may be persuaded to leave the home; or the child may be placed with grandparents, other relatives or friends.

It is where there are clear signs of abuse but the mother denies it that resort has to be made to the law. "We're allowed to diagnose sex abuse so long as the perpetrator is anyone except the man the mother wants to live with," says Wynne. "What we would like is for the mothers to put the children first."

Where the diagnosis is less firm but there is still "real concern," a case conference is called to tap every source of information and decide whether to remove the child or keep the family under observation. "People feel if the perpetrator is put in prison justice is being done but if the child is removed into care it's a miscarriage of justice," says James. "I understand why they feel that. But I have to work with the evidence I have." Under civil law, a court order to remove a child for its own protection can be granted on "the balance of probabilities"; but a case against

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an alleged abuser falls under the criminal law and has to pass the tougher evidential test of being proved "beyond reasonable doubt."

Everyone knows the stakes are high. James describes "one desperate disaster"—a 14 year old girl, a suspected victim of sexual abuse, who was left with her family. When the stepfather realised the game was up he raped the girl, murdered her, murdered her mother and then hanged himself. A four year old boy and a 14 month old girl, both with evidence of gross anal abuse, have also been killed. "I had a girl this morning who had been abused by her godfather," says Wynne. "He had threatened to kill her if she told anyone, and she believed him. She can only talk about it now because he died at Christmas."

What has shocked Wynne is how early abuse starts and how long it goes on. Potential abusers are unlikely to wait till their child victims are sexually mature (the peak age at diagnosis in her cases is between three and five) and unwilling to relinquish their hold over them when they are grown up. "Its amazing the power these abusers have over their women," she says. For some the abuse continues even after they are married.

The principal question, Wynne says, is whether "society is going to decide this is a real problem or not." Henry Kempe ranks incest

One victim of abuse was left with her family. The stepfather raped and murdered her

above "abandonment, neglect, physical maltreatment or any other form of abuse" in terms of the likelihood of its "harming a child's normal development." But learning how to detect abuse is only half the task; learning how to respond to it is similarly urgent.

Twenty years ago, parents who battered their children evoked the kind of moral outrage that sex abusers do today. Now physical abuse is approached with more compassion—dealt with by a range of professionals offering therapeutic support and work with families. Sex abuse, on the other hand, is a matter for the police. Investigation and prosecution are often the only "therapy" on offer. The response from the "helping" professions can seem similarly punitive when, as in Cleveland, it involves the summary break up of families.

We urgently need to create, as a CIBA Foundation Study Group on sex abuse argued, a "non-punitive climate" to encourage parents to come forward without the fear that family breakdown is inevitable. That means heightening our sensitivity to the signs of sex abuse but responding to it in a way which secures the safety of the child at the same time as starting therapeutic work with the family. Stuart Bell, MP, the *Mail on Sunday* and others have utterly failed to make this distinction between detection and response. In doing so they have compounded the damage done in Cleveland. ●

Against orthodoxy

Mary MacLeod and Esther Saraga challenge the experts who blame the family—and too often the mother— and let the abusers off.

How could he do it? Why did it happen? These are most people's responses when they hear about the sexual assault of a child. The same question obsesses sufferers of abuse and their relatives. Even abusers who can attempt some responsibility for their actions struggle to find answers. Alarmingly, in all the storm of words about child sexual abuse, there has been a deafening silence on why it happens.

Yet doctors and social workers do not perform their work, make their observations, their judgments in a vacuum; they make them on the basis of a theory. When Cleveland social services removed children from their families on place of safety orders, they were not acting arbitrarily, but following a theory that sees child sexual abuse as a sign or symptom of a family not functioning properly. If it is the family rather than the abuser that is the cause of the problem, then clearly the family cannot be trusted to care for the child. Though this decision is based on theory, and though such decisions have been widely scrutinised, how much scrutiny has the theory itself received?

People faced with child sexual abuse desperately desire certainty about what to do and what to say. An orthodox approach has developed which is seductive in its certainty, particularly since it asks no uncomfortable questions about men, about masculinity, about fatherhood. In the face of the research evidence and of logic, professional opinion in the UK has come to be dominated by one set of explanations, known as the "family systems" or "family dysfunction" view. It is often couched in technical language which mystifies people, and helps to hide what is really being said. The approach is not presented as a "theory" supported by evidence, or as an interpretation of a set of "facts". Instead it is put forward as an orthodoxy, as the *truth*, by a particularly influential group of professionals in Britain. The ideas are associated with various institutions, such as Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, The Tavistock Clinic, the NSPCC and the National Children's Bureau, and are embodied within the DHSS guidelines on how to intervene in cases of child sexual abuse.

But influential as these ideas are, no public or professional debates are posed, nor is any public discussion of these ideas offered. Yet, scrutinised closely, this theory is extraordinarily unconvincing, not to say wrongheaded; and sophisticated alternative explanations do exist. It would appear that a giant fraud is being perpetrated not only on children, on their families, on the public, but also on professionals.

The approach derives from "systems theory" which is increasingly influential in social work and family psychiatry. It has been adapted from electronics, and applied to the study of families and groups, and is the theory underlying family therapy. Its focus of concern is the family rather than particular individuals who may have abused or been abused. Indeed, writers such as Arnon Bentovim, one of the pioneers of the use of therapy with families in which sexual abuse has occurred, frequently refer to "abusive families". Families are described as "systems" which organise themselves so as to maintain a "balance" or "equilibrium".

In this approach, much is made of the notion that each member of a family system influences and is influenced by everyone else. This truism is turned into a sort of revelation known in the jargon as "circular causality", a revelation that is purported to explain everything that occurs in families. Thus incest is caused by, or is a consequence of, the family's dysfunction, not the abuser's abusive behaviour. The sexual abuse may even be a solution to that dysfunction, since according to Bentovim in *Child Sexual Abuse Within the Family* it serves to "reduce major conflict between the parents and keep it at a tolerable or even absent level".

An approach which focuses on victim and perpetrator alone is explicitly rejected by Bentovim, since it "does not include the involvement of other individuals, for example the siblings or the other parent, who appear to be neutral. It is as if they have no role in the problem, and are passive bystanders". This view is supported by examples: "...in other fields...the child who is refusing to eat food or attend school...may be drawing attention away from other problems, for example concern about a potential marital failure..." There is a complete failure of logic here. Two quite disparate occurrences are being compared as if they were the same; as if being sexually abused were

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the same as "refusing to eat or go to school". Such muddled thinking pervades accounts of family dysfunction theory, and it leads to muddled conclusions: though supporters of the approach state that the adult is responsible for his abusive behaviour, the clear implication of the explanation is that the family (including the child) are responsible—the abuser is absolved.

A more direct analogy could be made. A child who is "distressed", "acting out", or "withdrawn" may indeed be "drawing attention away from the other problems"—that she is being sexually abused—and she may do this because she is terrified of telling. So why is this analogy not made?

A further implication of this view, and one of the most damaging in practice, is that mothers are ultimately responsible for what has happened in the family. Because, it would appear, mothers are responsible for everything that happens in families. The assumption that families exist to satisfy men's emotional and sexual needs is never explicitly stated. But scrutinise the arguments, their descriptions of "what has led up to abuse" and this is what you find.

One of the most explicit statements comes from Kempe and Kempe, in their book *Child Abuse* (Henry Kempe being one of the first people to analyse physical abuse of children):

> *"The assumption that families exist to satisfy men's emotional and sexual needs is never explicitly stated. But scrutinise the arguments about abuse and this is what you find"*

"we have simply not seen an innocent mother in long standing incest...", and it is echoed in more recent work: "The sexually abusive relationship often emerges out of a long-standing sexual failure in the marriage, perhaps connected with previous abuse of the mother" (Bentovim). "At its simplest fathers abuse as their fathers abused, daughters are abused as their mothers were." (Bentovim). Being abused and abusing are described as if they are equivalent activities.

Some readers may have already noticed a curious absence in all this theorising: the abuser himself. In the accounts of family life, we read about children "sacrificing themselves", mothers "actively withdrawing", "depriving men of their conjugal rights", or "not protecting their children"; what of the abuser? His behaviour is seen as a response to the mother's

The orthodox view hides the abusing male behind the family

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withdrawal, to the child's or adolescent's behaviour which he has "misunderstood". He is seen as not in control. "Brian... when playing hide and seek with his daughter's friend of four years of age...*found himself* sexually abusing her, and during the act was convinced the little girl was encouraging him and responding, unlike his wife" (Bentovim, our emphasis). As if we could argue that: "I found myself robbing a bank, and during the act was convinced that the bank teller was encouraging me"! The subtext here is that it is up to women and children not only to nurture and care for their men adequately, but also to control men's sexuality, because the men cannot "stop" themselves.

There is, we are aware, quite a long history to this way of talking about male sexuality—as driven and uncontrollable. It is surely not too much to ask that people theorising about sexual violence—above all against children—should begin to examine their assumptions about male sexuality, and respond to the research that is available. Abusers' own accounts differ startlingly from the above version of events. While professionals here argue that we are too punitive to offenders, or that many offenders engage in unconscious processes of denial, clinicians in the USA (in Seattle), as part of a process of treatment of offenders, make them describe the events leading up to the abuse. The abusers tell how they plan and execute a strategy to entrap children and isolate them from their mothers, so that the child is less likely to tell. They say they do this by telling the child "she denied me sex"; "she is crazy or stupid"; they undermine the mother's authority by intervening in discipline; and they tell the child "you're special". They may also be violent to the mother in front of the child, so that the mother is not perceived as a powerful person who could help. This is altogether a more active process than we ever read about here, a process that tells us where Brian was before he "found himself" abusing a child.

The absence of any discussion of the gender of the perpetrators in both the press and the professional literature is quite staggering, and amounts to a deceit. In the Cleveland drama there were "parents" and "children"; similarly the research from the recent MORI poll, and from Great Ormond Street Hospital is reported in terms of the proportion of "parents" who were abusers. Yet three lines later, in the GOS research, they state: "Of the known perpetrators 96 per cent were men and 2 per cent were women." (Bentovim). Nowhere is there a discussion of this statistic. The gender of the "victims" (in the GOS study, 77 per cent girls, 23 per cent boys) can be discussed, but the family dysfunction view provides a convenient screen behind which to hide the much more staggering statistic.

Another commonly held "truth" among professionals in the UK is that there is a "cycle of abuse", transmitted from one generation to the next—so that the role of the professionals is to intervene to break the cycle. Some professionals in the USA have recognised that there is no evidence for this: "The notion that child molesters, in particular incest offenders, were all abused in childhood...has *never* been supported by an kind of research." (Lucy Berliner *Talking to Offenders*). This evidence has not prevailed here. In the recent GOS book, it is argued from their clinical research that, "There is an indication that even at the early stages of the investigation of cases there is description of abuse in the childhood of perpetrators and significantly their partners." (Bentovim). So what evidence do they draw on? The figures they give show that 5 per cent of all perpetrators and 12 per cent of "other adults" in the household had a history of sexual abuse. Yet these figures are lower than the likely population incidence quoted earlier in the same book (9 per cent of boys and 19 per cent of girls having had sexually abusive experiences in their childhood). Moreover, in their figures, in 77 per cent of cases the previous history was "not known". Despite the highly questionable quality of this research, these "experts" can confidently talk about cycles of abuse. In other words what we have here is a theory which allows us to see the abuser as a victim, to look at parents rather than adult men, and to confine the problem to a group of deviant or problem families.

These ideas lend support to the belief that it is particular kinds of families that are the problem, not particular men. And they allow right-wing theorists like Digby Anderson, writing recently in *The Times* (8 June 1988), to argue that "it is precisely in those homes where traditional family norms are broken that abuse is disproportionately frequent and likely". There is no evidence for this. The GOS research is based on clinical samples only—the families who have come, or have been referred for, treatment.

Begin with what the child says and feels and move away from the view of a child as a victim to see her as a brave resister

They themselves acknowledge that, as retrospective surveys of adults show, these are the tips of the iceberg: most sexual abuse was never reported to anyone.

If research is based on such a tiny proportion of all the families in which sexual abuse occurs, then we ought to be extremely cautious about what we extrapolate from the clinical sample. Such a caution is remarkably absent from textbooks by the clinicians of this approach. Seldom does the reader receive any warning from them about the limitations of clinical samples: for example that no comparative samples exist. Thus the characteristics they choose to highlight as "causative of abuse" from the families they see in their sample may be as commonly present in other families, where abuse has not occurred. Further since our knowledge of what is "normal" in families is very slight, we cannot assume we know what a "normal" or "functional" family is.

The ideas in this theory can only be maintained if we forget that child sexual abuse and incest are not synonymous. The evidence from research shows that although most abuse is carried out by a man known to the child, incestuous abuse is not the most common form of abuse. This is a body blow to the whole theory. It simply cannot account for the vast majority of abuse. In addition, if it is true that, as some research indicates, many abusers abuse both within and outside the family, then family dysfunction cannot even claim to be an "incest" theory. Why then is it so appealing?

If it is not families that abuse children, who is it? The statistics from clinical and retrospective studies are clear; overwhelmingly it is men who abuse—men who are brothers, uncles, babysitters, friends, strangers, grandfathers, stepfathers and fathers. They come from every social class, and from all kinds of families and cultures. They have in common that they are men but little else that we know.

Digby Anderson argues that: "At the extreme, men-hating feminists point out with relish how many child abusers are men". We do not do this with relish. We do it in the interests of truth, and in order better to understand why abuse occurs. Then we can begin to look for ways of really preventing it. Teaching children personal safety techniques may seem helpful, but it is not, after all, prevention. Unless we want sexual abuse to continue, we have nothing to fear, men, women or children, from facing the evidence squarely, and from asking clear questions about it.

We simply cannot leave policy and practice on child sexual abuse to develop from a muddled, incoherent, illogical theory. If the theory does not explain abuse, then the policy and practice following from it will be flawed. Let us explore the example mentioned earlier. In Cleveland, there were parents and children, and there were "abusive families" from which children were removed, as a result of a medical diagnosis of a symptom of abuse. If, instead, the abuser were allowed a presence in the event, if the child could have a mother and a father, rather than "parents", we could begin to conceptualise a different practice. And here feminism has a great deal to offer.

Feminist research (*Surviving Sexual Violence* by Liz Kelly) and feminist theory (Sarah Nelson "Incest: Fact or Myth", 1987; *Feminist Review*, 1988) begins from the real lived experience of women. If we bring this approach to child sexual abuse, we begin by listening to the child (a voice conspicuously absent in the Cleveland drama), and we listen to the mothers. Policy and practice decisions could be made on the premise that mothers are not to blame, though they feel to blame; that they did not collude, though they may have missed hints dropped by their children, because they so desperately wanted it not to be true; that they can be helped to believe and support their child, even if their first response is anger and blame; and finally in protecting the child, we can give up assuming that the child is always unsafe with the mother.

Child sexual abuse, especially if it occurs within the family, is a tragic loss for everyone. The woman has lost her view of herself as wife and mother. She has lost the fantasy family; her family and her relationships with other family

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members will never be the same again. The overwhelming wish of many mothers is: "let it not have happened, let it not be true". If we accept this for what it is, a normal reaction to a loss of identity, we can offer the shocked woman some appropriate help. Thus, though women's and children's interests are not identical, if at the time of disclosure, workers attempt to built an alliance between mother and daughter, both benefit enormously: the child in feeling less rejected, less alone; the mother in feeling less guilty, less detached.

Secondly, if we reject the medical model of symptoms and signs of a disorder, and see the child's behaviour and feelings as aspects of her struggle to resist, manage, cope with and survive the abuse, we become able to allow for differences in experience. Children in our society have different options open to them. For black children, the experience of racism may mean that they understand the abuse as a consequence of being black; it may even be harder to tell white authority because it seems like a betrayal, and because the consequences of state intervention for black families are very often even more devastating than for white families. Similarly a child who has a disability may have very restricted options, if she has difficulties communicating verbally, or if she is even more dependent on her caretaker than the ablebodied child. Children of different ages are likely to cope in different ways, as are boys and girls.

An approach which starts from the child and his/her experiences, from what the child says and feels, allows us to move away from the view of a child as a passive or active victim to a view of the child as a resister, bravely engaged in a struggle too big for her. And, at last, we can talk about power, about power abused and trust betrayed. The child's emotional recovery can be thought of as a journey towards meaning, towards taking charge of her own story.

Once we allow power and inequalities of power into the equation, we can talk about the protection of children in a different way. The problem of how to protect the child gets restated as the problem of how to empower women and children—not, of course, easy to do, but a few changes would make an enormous difference: legal procedures to get the man out of the family home; funding refuges for women and children.

This brings us to one of the most chilling features of the reporting on Cleveland and on child sexual abuse cases: the unstated assumption that the law is about establishing the truth. The law does not necessarily find the truth, it weighs the evidence. In determining whether child sexual abuse has occurred the most reliable evidence is the child's word. And yet our courts give little or no weight to this. Without a legal decision, child protection can be extremely difficult. And so those with a duty to protect children find themselves pushed into a search for evidence the courts will accept. The pressure on them is their awareness of how much children suffer. But if they get it wrong, we have a "Cleveland", which turns into a witch hunt.

Surely the appropriate targets for the press and public ought to be a state which gives professionals a heavy duty without giving them the tools to undertake it; and a theory which draws attention away from the main culprit of the piece. ●

Sally & Richard Greenhill

"Arming children with words" alone may be an inadequate response to abuse.

It can happen here

Britain could have a crusade against child abuse. But first, argues Yvonne Roberts, we must be clear about the cause.

This could happen here. Television adverts, billboards, leaflets and posters all carry two straightforward messages: "Child Sexual Assault. It's Often Closer to Home Than You Think" and "Child Sexual Assault Offenders—No Excuses, Never, Ever".

The slogans represent a massive campaign of education and assistance on the issue of child sexual abuse. They are part of a unique four year programme established three years ago in New South Wales by the then Labor government. As a result, New South Wales has avoided a Cleveland crisis and no false battleground has been set up to pitch the Family against the Professionals. And the voice of the child does not go unheard.

"Child abuse," said Margaret Thatcher a year ago, "is the biggest blot on civilisation" and shortly afterwards, the *Daily Mail* announced that she was launching a crusade. There's been no sign yet of that. Certainly next week's Cleveland report will be an utterly inadequate trigger for a purposeful crusade. It addresses itself to how child sexual abuse is to be managed without asking the crucial question: Why does it happen?

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Bizarrely, this was deliberate: the question was outside its remit.

But it's not too late for this country to learn from New South Wales. Five years ago a group of women—a mixture of "femocrats" from government bureaucracies and workers in rape crisis centres, refuges and health centres —formed a Women Against Incest collective. Within a year they had persuaded the government there to set up a task force to examine the issue. "None of us knew what to do about child sexual assault," says Gillian Calvert, then a government social worker, "but we did know that some strategy was essential. And that survivors, not professionals, would be our main source of information."

The task force produced 65 recommendations, most of which have been implemented. Gillian Calvert , now the executive officer of the Child Protection Council which was set up to coordinate the state programme against child sexual abuse, says that throughout the process they have kept all the agencies involved moving forward together—among them the police, the law, child-care professionals, parents, survivors and teachers.

The key to success was the early realisation that there could be no response to child sexual abuse without an agreement first on its cause. They informed the media, which treated the issue not as a left-wing or feminist assault on the institution of the family, but as a serious form of abuse which is virtually always committed by "ordinary" men.

"We took great pains to achieve some sort of consensus before we began", says Calvert. "We created and used the chance to educate ourselves as a community."

That consensus was built around formal recognition that child sexual abuse was another form of male violence. The task force report in 1985 rejected the idea that the abuser was "abnormal" or a pervert. "Attempts at characterising the offender as psychopathic, schizophrenic, poor or underprivileged have failed," says the report. "There is only one thing the vast majority [of offenders] have in common: their masculinity." In Britain, the prevailing orthodoxy is that "family dysfunction"(see "Against orthodoxy", page 15) causes child sexual abuse. The New South Wales programme specifically rejects this theory, too, partly because it makes the incest secondary, partly because it doesn't explain why abuse occurs in families who don't appear to be "sick". "Thus attention is drawn away from the devastating effect that the incest itself has upon family relationships and particularly on the victim."

The Child Protection Council places responsibility for child sexual abuse squarely with the offender. Neither the colluding mother nor the woman who has failed to realise that abuse is taking place are blamed for failing in their duty; instead, they are seen as victims of the abuse of male power. Collusion is an expression of female impotence. The Council quotes the work of the American child abuse specialist, David Finkelhor, to explain to the public why it has adopted this feminist analysis: "Men who are comfortable relating to women at the same level of maturity and competence will be less likely to exploit children sexually."

The Council coordinates all the state's efforts to deal with child sexual abuse —including the work of six government departments, professional workers, women's groups and survivors. In New South Wales, reported cases (if they are a guide) have risen from 63 in 1980 to over 4[illegible]00 in 1985. Community disapproval of the abuser has been made plain, and fewer abused children are now forced to leave the family of which they are part.

Unlike social service departments in Britain—which are desperately stretched by the rise in recognised child abuse cases—the Council is adequately resourced. Its programme aims to put the needs of the abused child first; to train adults around children, so that the disclosure and detection of abuse become easier; to give the police and legal system a more sympathetic approach; and to explore ways of correcting the damage for the abused, families and offenders. And it continuously monitors its work and tests its results, while it researches public opinion to ensure that its efforts are understood and have support.

As the community's understanding and a support network for mothers has grown, fewer children are removed from home

To give just a few examples, training for police, social workers, medical professionals and others is uniform and meticulous. Over 200 extra child protection workers have been recruited and another is concentrated solely on the selection and training of foster parents (Britain has only a couple of similar projects although, in some areas, foster parenting of abused children shows a 40 per cent failure rate). A child protection unit which trains teachers and develops material for use in the curriculum has been set up in the Department of Education. In addition, a range of professionals—including teachers, doctors, pharmacists, youth workers and police officers—are under a mandatory duty to report of suspicion of child sexual assault to a senior. The penalty is a fine of £400.

"We reject the idea behind campaigns which teach children to "Say No". We believe many children already do say "No," Gillian Calvert explains. "What we have to do is empower the adult network to whom children turn for help. Silence is the abuser's strongest weapon. Destroy that and we begin to destroy his power."

Among the legal reforms now being brought in are the use of video and closed circuit TV and the conducting of cases in places more familiar to a child than a courtroom. A special prosecutor's unit gives a child contact with the same legal representatives throughout the court process. A pre-trial programme allows certain offenders, who admit culpability, to take part in a very tough therapy programme instead of imprisonment, a policy which also spares the child the trauma of a court experience. Intensive work with individual members of the family, particularly the abuser, means some families do remain together, but only after all those involved, and particularly the abuser, acknowledge why what has happened is wrong and who is to blame.

"What has happened is that as the understanding of the community has grown and as the network of support for mothers has developed, then the instances where we have to remove a child from her family are declining and, very gradually, more offenders are volunteering to remove themselves," explains one child protection worker.

New South Wales is not, of course, a fairy land for the young. The system, on occasion, perpetuates the abuse through its inadequacies. The Family Court (desperately needed here), intent on family reconciliation, is at times in conflict with the Children's Court which aims first to protect the child. Fathers who abuse are still granted access to their children. A delay of up to two years can occur in court cases. Counselling is only in the early stages, as is the treatment of offenders. "But at least," says Gillian Calvert, "We have acted and we have acted together."

In Britain, even though child sexual abuse is an area new to most professionals, there has been no public debate. A "cure" is being applied without a clear understanding of the causes and symptoms. The aim too frequently is to stitch the family together again—and the abused child still pays the highest price. And a number of professionals have already refused even to consider a feminist approach. But as Esther Saraga and Mary MacLeod argue elsewhere: "If the problem of masculinity is edited out of the discourse on child sexual abuse, we are left with children waging a war armed only with words, the adults having left the front" (*Feminist Review*, spring 1988).

Tragically, "children armed...with words" are at the forefront of the government's idea of prevention, as articulated in its 1986 draft circular for the social services, *Working Together*: "The preventative measure with the greatest potential may be to enable children to protect themselves. The primary responsibility for this lies with parents..." If this didn't amount to criminal ignorance of the nature of the problem, it would be black farce.

Organisations such as the NSPCC have been presssing for more central coordination and individual boroughs, such as Islington in London, are trying to impose a feminist analysis on its work but a government initiative is required. Scandalously little has been done since Mrs Thatcher's call for a "crusade". The reform of child-care law later this year, the directives of the Cleveland report, may bring about some improvements. But without a strategy for prevention our policies are like Clingfilm, keeping failing relationships and desperate children together beyond the point of endurance. Ironically, by introducing more openness and encouraging a better balance of power between children and adults, the New South Wales programme is achieving what should be dear to Mrs Thatcher's heart; it appears to be revitalising the institution of the family. Now, isn't *that* a worthy cause for a crusade? ●

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Torn apart at home

At the centre of the controversies over child sexual abuse—but often strangely neglected—are the abused children themselves. Here, Susannah Cochrane describes the grief and terrors her two-year-old daughter suffered and her own pain and guilt as she strove to help her. Susannah and Maria Cochrane are pseudonyms.

Shortly before my daughter's third birthday, in the summer of 1986, I realised that something was wrong. Maria had been on an overnight visit to her grandparents. Practically the first thing she told me, as I came in the door, was that she had slept on her own with Grandad. Yes, my husband confirmed, his father's back was playing him up so he got grandmother to sleep in the front room on the sofa, so as not to disturb him.

Almost immediately a little red light went on in my head. I'd never heard before that his back was bad—and even if it was, why

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couldn't he have slept on the spare bed? Surely it was more usual for a grandmother to sleep with a child?

I just as swiftly dismissed the thought as unworthy. Grandfather was a lovely man; kind, caring and cuddly. Probably, like many parents I thought: "I'm getting paranoid. These things don't happen in families like ours."

Later, looking back, I realised why there had been that little red light at all. Yes, my father-in-law had always been good to me—kind, caring and cuddly—but just a little too much so. When he greeted me he gave me a cuddle, and often seemed to hold me too close, pushing up against me, his lower body against mine. God forgive me, I'd think, for having a suspicious mind.

My unease with my father-in-law wasn't helped on one occasion when he babysat and I found him looking at pornography, openly flicking through pages of hardcore photographs. Later, my husband accused me of being a prude; his poor old dad wouldn't dare study such stuff with his wife around, and probably thought we were more "modern". Besides, he said, all men sometimes looked at porn.

With hindsight I'm glad for my "dirty", suspicious mind even if, later, both my husband and the psychiatric authorities that he consulted tried to make me feel bad about it. It was my "suspicious" mind that made me decide that if anything had happened while Maria had slept with her grandfather, then I should make an opportunity for her to tell me. At the same time, I was aware I shouldn't ask any loaded questions. And so, at bedtime, I said to her, very simply, while giving her a goodnight kiss, "I did miss you last night, not being able to cuddle you. But still I expect you had lots of nice cuddles with grandma and grandad, didn't you?"

How I wanted Maria just to say "yes", and then turn, sleepily, into her usual peaceful slumber. Instead my little girl, not yet three, who until then had never displayed any sexual interest—not even the fondness for touching herself common among some children—pulled up her nightdress, spread her legs wide in a lewd pose, and began smacking her genitals. "Yes," she said, "Grandad cuddle me. Grandad smack my fanny."

I was so stunned I didn't know what to say. So I didn't say anything at all, other than, "Oh—did he?" But the moment I was alone with my husband, who'd also been in the room at the time, I asked, trying to keep the anxiety out of my voice: "Did you see that?"

"Yes," he grunted, and returned to his book. Well, I told myself, trying to excuse him—it is his father, after all, and if his suspicions are the same as mine, then he must be feeling terrible.

For a full week I tried to put my worries out of my mind. I was so horrified by my suspicions that I simply couldn't face them. Suddenly I knew what it was like to be one of those mothers who choose not to find out more when their child begins to act in a way that might indicate sexual abuse. For, if I was right, I could blow the whole family apart—ruin my in-laws' marriage, perhaps mine, and find myself and Maria cut off from my husband's family.

I didn't even put two and two together when, the day after she came home from her grandparents, Maria began screaming in terror during bathtime. She screamed in the native language of her grandfather—a language, in which she was more fluent than I. At this normally playful, carefree hour, Maria suddenly refused to take off her knickers. "No," she screamed, insisting that she keep them on in the bath, *krippi* would come to get her! "What's *krippi*?" I asked. It was a word I didn't recognise. But Maria couldn't explain.

It broke my heart to see her so afraid, this normally brave, assertive and secure little girl who had come through toddlerhood with scarcely a tantrum, and none of the terror of "monsters" which afflict some children. And yet still, because I didn't want to, I didn't twig. *Krippi*, I decided, must be the name in her second language for the bogeyman, with which maybe someone had scared her.

"Let's tell *krippi* to go away!" I suggested. Shivering in my arms, she shouted with me at this invisible monster: "Maria's strong! You're bad!" And then together we pretended to show *krippi* the front door.

> *'Probably, like many parents I thought: I'm getting paranoid. These things don't happen in families like ours'*

At last Maria fell asleep. But every night at bathtime, for the next few nights, my little girl returned to the same state of terror. By day she began to have tantrums. She started to wet herself after being "dry" for a year. When she wasn't wetting herself, she was in terror that she had. "I'm all wet on my fanny, Mummy," she would cry, even though I'd deliberately never made her toilet training an issue. And then I'd look, and she'd be perfectly dry. But she wouldn't believe me. "*Krippi* made me wet, Mummy," she'd sob.

I must so have wanted not to face what was terrifying Maria. Even though my husband worked long hours I had opportunities to ask him what this dreaded *krippi* meant. But for a full two weeks I didn't. It was only when an early evening TV film showed an unusually sexually suggestive scene and Maria began murmuring again about *krippi* that I remembered to ask him what it meant.

"Why, prick", he said, "cock—except that it's stronger than that, a really pornographic word. Wherever did you learn it?"

From my two years and eleven months old daughter.

At that moment I felt as if my entire world had caved in. It suddenly all made sense, the sense that for the past fortnight I'd been running away from.

And I felt so alone. My husband didn't want to discuss the matter. He knew damn well what I was afraid of. Instead he tried to dismiss Maria's terrors as stemming from other people—even though she had never played outdoors unsupervised or with anyone but toddlers.

Part of me felt like giving in. My husband didn't want to know. But on some level I knew I had to trust my instinct as a mother. Throughout the nightmare that followed, I knew that I owed it to my daughter to believe what she was trying to tell me. When she woke at night screaming for me to save her from *krippi* getting through a tiny hole in the crotch seam of her pyjamas, my husband tried to call it normal, as eventually the authorities did; but I was her mother, and I knew what a happy, confident and sexually innocent child she had been until now. The one piece of advice I have for any mother fearing what I then feared is this: trust your instinct. Don't let anyone dent your confidence that you know what is normal for your child.

I say this with hindsight. For, in the weeks that followed, my confidence as a mother was badly dented. Now it no longer surprises me that so much child abuse goes undetected.

Part of me was desperate to talk to an informed outsider—but to whom did I dare speak? I had thought, briefly, of speaking to the doctor at the child welfare clinic, which Maria was due to visit for a check-up when she turned three. But what if investigations were started, which could shatter our family, when I wasn't sure if I was right to have suspicions?

As for talking to friends, what if forever after they looked at my father-in-law with a suspicious, hostile eye? How could I do that, to a perhaps innocent man?

In the end I turned to Anna, a clinical psychologist, whose three-year-old son was one of Maria's playmates. In the awful drama that followed, Anna took the isolated and lonely role now thrust upon Dr Marietta Higgs, the Cleveland paediatrician. (My husband tried to get Anna removed from the professional register for "drumming up" my fears.)

But it wasn't a conscious decision that made me tell Anna. On the phone to her, almost to my own surprise, I blurted out my fears. What was terrible about the conversation that followed was that I really, really hoped, at that stage at least, that I would be told nicely that I was daft. I wanted to hear that Maria was just going through a childhood fantasy. But Anna, at the other end of the line, was very silent after I told her what I had seen and heard from my daughter during the previous two weeks. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I think you're right to be worried. Poor, poor little girl."

That wasn't what I wanted to hear. My knees started to shake, I couldn't stop them, I was in shock, I so wanted Anna to say, "Everything's fine, everything's normal—go back to baking her third birthday cake."

But she hadn't.

Gently Anna guided me through how I should question Maria, without putting ideas into her head. Anna reminded me that children express

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many of their deepest feelings and fears through play. I should, she suggested, say as casually as possible to Maria that I had been thinking about the night she spent with her grandfather, and what she said he did, and ask if she could tell me more—perhaps by pretending one of her dolls was her.

I followed Anna's advice. The memory of that talk still hurts. She wasn't yet three; to me she was still only a baby. But when I followed Anna's advice, she showed me things that no baby girl should ever have been made to know about.

Suddenly she was pulling the doll's legs apart, and my baby, who had never yet asked me where babies come from, was viciously stabbing one of her fingers between the doll's wrenched legs. And then she stopped, couldn't go on, and my talkative, outgoing little girl, literally turned her back to me, and sobbed and kicked at her bedroom wall, refusing to let me touch her, comfort her, something that had never happened before. "My fanny bad," she cried. "Grandad touch it, Grandad smack it, now *krippi* come get me."

All I wanted to do was cry with her. But I knew I had to appear strong, and stay calm for her sake.

Still she sobbed, and refused to face me, and lay like a little broken doll with her face to the wall. Until, that is, she got angry, and rose up from her bed and began kicking her dolls and toys and screaming with a viciousness that I had never seen before. All I could do was watch her and be patient even when she started hitting me. By now I was pretty certain that she had a bloody good reason to be angry, and that it was better for her to turn that anger outwards than in on herself.

Finally she stopped kicking and screaming, became almost calm, and said, in a strangely deceptive, matter-of-fact voice, "Grandad took my knickers off. Does he take your knickers off, too, Mummy?"

My little girl, not yet three, hurt by the worst hurt of all, hurt by someone she loved, and desperate to find out if that was normal. Does Grandad do that to you too, Mummy?

I think that question, more than anything else she said or acted out, convinced me that I was right in my suspicions.

Eventually I calmed her down, settled her for the night, and went, with a heavy heart to her father. How I wanted him to comfort me. But although my husband went pale, when I described what she had told me and acted out, he ended up saying, "That's just your version. I wasn't there. How do I know you didn't put words into her mouth?"

I was still trying to reason with him when Maria woke up and came out to us. "I want photos," she demanded, "you help me." Puzzled, I let her lead me to the cupboard where we kept photos. She picked out an album of family photos of which she had always been very fond and, very methodically, went through it with both her father and me made to listen to her running commentary. "That my cousin," she would say smiling, "like him"; "That my friend," she would say smiling, "like him"; and so on. But then, when she came to a picture of her grandfather, a picture she had always loved, she went very quiet and stared at it as though hypnotised. "Who's that?" I gently prompted. "Don't know," she said finally, and started to cry, and demanded to be put back to bed.

Christine Roche

"My baby, who had never asked me where babies come from, was viciously stabbing her fingers between the doll's wrenched legs"

Her father, who had seen and heard all this, looked shattered. It was, after all, his father we were talking about. Finally, I thought, I've got through to him.

"If you're right," he said at last, "I'm going to kill him. And if you're wrong—I never want to speak to you again." But from the way he said it, it sounded pretty much like he'd want to kill me instead.

What was extraordinary, was that I didn't feel any anger towards his father. Just numbed disbelief and a terrible sadness. I almost felt charitable, prepared to believe that my father-in-law was still the good man I'd always thought him, just unfortunately sick in one part of his mind.

The rage came later. The rage came after I'd sat through one too many nights of my baby's nightmares. At one point I could have killed him. I wanted him to be there, to see her tears and hear her terror; I wanted him, like every child abuser before him, to be faced with the grief and suffering caused by his few selfish moments of pleasure. And then, having made him hear and witness her hurt, I wanted to stab him.

But he never did see that hurt—and nor, hardly, did any one else. Right at the beginning of this nightmare, Maria, like so many victims of sexual assault, had suffered the additional injury of feeling disbelieved and bullied. A few hours after she had used her doll to show me what terrified her, she was woken by her father who demanded that she repeat the performance. He was anxious to "clear" his father, but the strain and barely subdued anger in his voice as he commanded her to tell him about *krippi* simply terrified her all over again. From then on Maria only confided in me—and that left the burden of proof, and the burden of helping her, entirely on my shoulders.

That burden was enormous. Scarcely a day went by without Maria acting out her terror. Gradually the terror lessened but it was replaced by something almost harder to deal

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with—explicit sexual actions and mimes.

The innocent, playful tickling we had enjoyed in the past would suddenly turn into occasions for her to shove my hand between her legs, and demand that I "tickle" her there. If I kissed her she would try to clasp me tightly, forcing her tongue in my mouth and rolling it round. When I broke away she became angry that I didn't want to continue with what she termed "love-you kissing".

"Love-you", I soon realised, was her word for sex, the word that had been taught her. "Love-you, love-you, do love-you," I would hear her crying as she viciously made a teddy or some other hapless toy pound up and down on top of a dolly, accompanied by heavy breathing.

Even more heart-breaking was her reply at bedtimes, when I said to her: "I love you".

"What do you mean?" she would ask, her tiny face full of mistrust, "you want to *do* love-you?"

This sexual precociousness is a classic symptom in children who have been abused. And I had to cope with this fear, anger and over-excitement alone. For although my husband and I eventually consulted the psychiatrists at the local children's hospital, they were the kind who prefer to believe that child abuse seldom takes place.

It didn't matter what I told them about Maria's behaviour, of how balanced she had been, and how suddenly unbalanced she had become. From their observation of her, they agreed, she was evidently disturbed about something, and particularly about sexuality. In her play therapy sessions, from which I was deliberately excluded, she proved unwilling to talk about *krippi* or her grandfather. However, the psychiatrists conceded that she did rather worryingly keep burying figures of men in the sand, and stamping on the little scraps of fur which I was told are regarded as symbols of female sexuality. But could this not be, they asked, because of attitudes which I had imparted to her? Was she disturbed, perhaps, because my and her father's relationship was rather strained? (By this time we were scarcely talking to each other). Or had she, perhaps, overseen us sometimes making love? Wasn't I a little anxious about men, to have judged her grandfather as touching me too closely? Hadn't I heard of Freud's theory of the Oedipus Complex and female penis envy? Was I sure that I had never left her unsupervised?

Faced with question after question like this, always so politely and reasonably put, I felt increasingly insecure and on the edge of hysteria. "Children make things up, children fantasise," they said. What, I asked, even without ever having been told what sex is about? Well, are you sure you hadn't told her, are you sure she hadn't seen you and your husband . . . ?

All this time, I begged for a meeting, a confrontation with my father-in-law. My husband agreed but only on condition that it took place when he and the psychiatrists were present. And so for eight long weeks I waited; 56 days and nights, during which, nearly every day, every night, Maria would suddenly dump on me some new terror, some new information, some new Lolita-like disturbed behaviour. But her father was never there to witness it and the experts chose to act as though I exaggerated. Was I sure she'd never had these nightmares before? Sure I was giving her enough attention? Maybe she'd been a bit...ahem...unhappy before, and I just hadn't noticed?

"In the end, full of guilt, I grew almost to hate her for what she was putting me through"

None of this helped Maria. One moment she was screaming about pricks, another demanding that I do French kissing with her, and sometimes, most frightening of all, being found by me late at night not screaming or crying for help, but just lying there crying listlessly, as though beyond help, beyond believing that help would ever come, muttering over and over to herself, "Grandad no love me, Grandad hurt me; me bad."

Desperate to make *someone* believe me and my daughter, I even took to turning on a tape recorder, when she started talking of such things . . . But Maria, no slow coach, soon got the drift of what I was doing, and would demand that the machine be turned off. How well she had been taught, I reflected bitterly, that these things are private, and children who tell can be punished.

I was the only person who ever said to her, "It doesn't matter what anyone said to you—you've done nothing wrong, and Mummy won't be cross, whatever you tell me." And so she told me when there was nobody else to hear. And in the end, full of guilt, I grew almost to hate her for what she was putting me through. When she began to talk of these things again, as almost every day she did, I would tense up inside, wanting to cry, "Please, no more, don't do this to me."

But I couldn't. She was my baby and she needed to talk to someone. And so eventually I stopped even trying to put the tape recorder on when she talked, or to question her, when she made another disconcerting remark; I realised that I wasn't helping her by making her feel harried. My job was to listen.

And so I listened, but it nearly killed me.

Tolerating this helplessness and responding to Maria's incessant terrors left me utterly drained. By the psychiatrists I was being interrogated weekly and by my husband I had been effectively deserted. He was never home, even though I begged him to be, to provide a warm, safe, reassuring male presence in Maria's life, to help her recover from her sudden terror of men.

Perhaps I wouldn't have been able to cope at all, but for Anna's help, and that of a neighbour, a

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teacher, in whom I eventually confided after she remarked worriedly on the difference in Maria. Both were mothers who knew just how balanced a child Maria had been until recently. Their confidence in my abilities as a mother was invaluable. So these two friends, the psychologist and the teacher, fed us and forced us out with their children to the park, and when I despaired of ever being able to express myself clearly in my meetings with the experts, they spent hours coaching me so that I wouldn't, yet again, sound demented and inarticulate.

At last the confrontation with Maria's grandfather took place—and it achieved precisely nothing. Our meeting at the children's hospital was presided over by an elderly professor whom I had never seen before and who had never seen Maria. He had, however, met my in-laws the day before. That his mind was made up was clear from the moment he asked me, in front of everyone, whether I still had sex with my husband. It was I who was on trial, not Maria's grandfather. Throughout my submissions my father-in-law sat stony and silent, saying nothing either in denial or affirmation, as I became increasingly hysterical. How I had psyched myself up for that meeting. How I had hoped that he would do the decent thing, admit his guilt, and so release me from this nightmare.

But he did no such thing. Practically the only thing I can remember either he or my mother-in-law saying was that no, he had not slept alone with Maria that night. Their son, who had himself told me so—not just Maria—must be mistaken. My husband shrugged; maybe he had been wrong.

By the end of that meeting, I was totally broken. Afterwards, my friend Anna encouraged me not to give in; to trust my child, believe what she was telling me, and trust myself. I thanked her politely, said I would, but inwardly decided to give up the fight. Probably I had been wrong. Probably I had been hysterical. Maybe the experts were right about what was normal behaviour in children, and I didn't know, and never had known my daughter, half as well as I imagined I had.

Later that night, I finally hit upon the solution to a problem that had been besetting me for some time. In my darkest moments, when I could see no way out of the nightmare, thoughts of suicide had crossed my mind. But what, I'd always reminded myself, of my daughter? Leave her motherless. I couldn't do that to her. That night, the oh-so-simple solution suddenly occurred to me—I should kill myself, and her. She wouldn't need a mother, if she was dead too.

Well—where can you go from such a point, except up?

I initiated divorce proceedings, and eventually Maria and I moved out. The sexual abuse wasn't the "cause" of the break up of our marriage; it was just the last straw. For while my husband was—is—in many ways a good man, this experience with our daughter finally brought home that he would never be more than the most half-hearted father.

So I left, and set up home again, and put on as bright a face as I could, and chose not to think about the previous year, and the truth of whatever happened with my daughter. I had got her through the worst of the terror and the shame; now, I decided, we should just let sleeping dogs lie. When she mentioned or acted out sexual matters I told her to stop. What saved me from that understandable, if regrettable attitude, was Maria herself.

Shortly afterwards, she began, not to put too fine a point on it, touching up men, making plays for their genitals. At first I ignored it. I told myself that if she was grabbing at men it was her way of getting her own back. Probably that was

> *'One moment she was screaming about pricks, another demanding that I do French kissing with her'*

partly true. But then I read that children who have already been abused are four times more likely than other children to be abused again. I knew that if I didn't get help for my daughter, she might be at great risk. But still scared of being laughed at again if I appealed for help, I dismissed it when she took off her knickers and splayed her legs in front of a visiting workman and I chose to laugh it off when she lunged for a friend's brother's groin. It was only when my own father, an extremely reticent man, told me with great embarrassment that Maria had touched him "where she shouldn't", and persistently tried to get him to talk about "love-you", that I realised I would have to find help.

My own GP, I discovered, was qualified in child psychiatry and was considered enlightened and sympathetic. I decided to try him. Maria's terrors and sexual precocity, he confirmed, were all classic symptoms of abuse. If her behaviour was not to make her vulnerable, she would need immediate help. I too needed help, he said gently, as I used up his box of tissues.

That night after I put Maria to bed, I cried my eyes out. Someone believed me. Someone would help us.

The GP referred us to a woman therapist at the local child guidance clinic who specialises in helping sexually abused children.

In that first session the interrogation that I'd half feared, of both myself and my daughter, never took place. I was questioned in an atmosphere of trust. Children, I was told, do not make up such things, especially a very young child like Maria, who had no previous sexual knowledge, or even interest in "the facts of life".

Beyond exhibiting a solid refusal to play in the therapist's play house with the grey-haired male doll that represented a grandfather figure, Maria showed no signs of wanting to talk about or even act out what she had been through. The therapist was prepared to leave it at that, agreeing that to force Maria to relive something which her young, conscious mind was already in the stages of forgetting, would be to hurt her unnecessarily.

In some ways the extreme youth of my child, when abused, was what made it most heartbreaking. But in others, it also made recovery easier, for with the short memory span of the very young child, that nightmare time was swiftly receding; what remained problematic was "simply" her acute sexual precocity. Through play with dolls and pictures, through talk, the therapist retaught Maria about parts of her body that were extra special, and therefore private; what kind of physical contact was normal and what wasn't.

One aspect of the affair I still find painful is the knowledge that I will never know precisely what happened to Maria. The debate around Cleveland as to whether there is physical "proof" of abuse only induces hollow laughter in me. I know, as the doctors involved surely know, yet cannot easily explain to a public whipped into condemnation of them by the tabloids, that physical evidence is often entirely absent. I never even suspected that my daughter had been penetrated; my own examination of her, and subsequently one by a doctor, confirmed the the abuse had, thank God, been of a nature which was at least physically non-injurious. But that did not mean that abuse had not occurred. I think, and my daughter's therapist agrees, that Maria was almost certainly stimulated in her genital area, and used as something over which to masturbate; hence her terror of loss of control, of becoming "wet". It also seems fairly likely that she was shown pornography, and that, even if she wasn't penetrated, her abuser got his rocks off on threatening her with what could be done to her with his *krippi*.

Had I not listened to my daughter, and acted when I did, there is every likelihood that, as time went on, she would have been fully raped. Progression in scale of abuse is the normal pattern. Just as painful has been the reaction of my husband's family. They have tried to pretend that the whole explosion never happened.

However, my mother-in-law, who was grief stricken at the hospital confrontation, has since written to say that she fully understood my concern, could see the changes in Maria, and agreed that someone, somewhere had badly frightened and mistreated her.

And my father-in-law: for five days after my accusation, he took to his bed, refusing to talk to anyone or to eat. Then he got up, went about his business, and the matter was never again discussed. Even my ex-husband, who again regularly sees his family, has never discussed the matter with either parent.

No one looking at my daughter now would be able to guess what she has been through. The reports from her therapist and nursery are glowing and affectionate for, apart from anything else, Maria is a very nice child. She is again the bright, brave little girl she once was; sexual abuse dented that side of her, but wasn't able to destroy it.

But still I can't sometimes help asking; why my child, why Maria?

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Detente from below...

Is there a hardline backlash against perestroika in Eastern Europe? Mary Kaldor reports on the east-west peace meeting broken up by the Czech authorities

Gorbachev has dominated the news this week. Yet two events have taken place in Eastern Europe which could represent a major setback for the processes of glasnost and perestroika. One is the break-up of a peace meeting in Prague in which 34 foreign peace activists including one Hungarian and two Yugoslavs were expelled from Czechoslovakia and 30 Czechs were arrested. The other is police brutality at a demonstration in Budapest commemorating the 30th anniversary of the death of Imre Nagy. Both events received much wider coverage in the European press than in Britain.

The peace meeting in Prague was organised by Charter 77 and the new independent peace movement, the Independent Association for Peace and Democracy. It was intended to be part of the process of "detente from below"—the notion espoused by European Nuclear Disarmament (END), of constructing links between grassroots organisations in east and west. Two similar meetings took place last year—in Warsaw in May and in Budapest in November. That they happened at all was regarded as a political victory.

Those of us who took part did expect that the meeting would take place, although we also expected some harassment. A month ago, two members of Charter 77 were allowed to participate in an international meeting organised by the official peace council. And recently, Milos Jakes, the Czech leader, launched his peace proposal for a zone of confidence or trust (the word is the same in Czech) in Central Europe. His concept of trust includes, he said, "political, military, economic, ecological and humanitarian" aspects.

To break up a peace meeting and to expel an unprecedented number of foreigners, including activists from socialist countries, most of them representatives of major peace organisations, seems to suggest that the Jakes peace proposal is nothing more than a propaganda ploy and a hollow one at that. A zone of confidence in Central Europe would require, at the very least, minimum guarantees of the right of ordinary citizens to discuss peace freely.

In Hungary, two days earlier, several members of the Hungarian opposition were beaten when trying to hold a ceremony commemorating Imre Nagy (preventing some of them from attending the Prague meeting). Later, the demonstrators met in Vorosmarty Square and decided to disperse. But they were charged by police using truncheons which released tear gas. According to chemical warfare experts, the main manufacturer of such truncheons is American. Perhaps their use reflects the "reformers'" enthusiasm for western technology. The truncheons have become known as the Pozsgay cocktail, after Imre Pozsgay, the reformer newly elected to the Politburo in last month's Hungarian Party Congress.

In Prague and Budapest intellectuals were suggesting that the two events were connected—a coordinated hardline backlash against the processes of glasnost and perestroika. Whether or not one subscribes to the conspiracy theory, they are certainly connected in the sense that they reflect the contradictions and uncertainties unleashed by the changes in the Soviet Union. They are both, to some extent, the consequences of controlled glasnost, of attempting to manage reform from above. The problem is that any move towards pluralism, any opening for self-organisation and citizens' initiatives, expecially in East-Central Europe, immediately threatens the monopoly position of the ruling elite. The authorities were, in both cases, it can be argued, staking out the limits of what is allowed—limits which have to be redefined in the new situation. In Hungary, it seems to be permissible to demonstrate about the construction of a hydroelectric dam on the Danube. But it is not allowed to commemorate Imre Nagy.

What we see here is what Gramsci described as cretinismo eroico

In Czechoslovakia, the limits of what is possible are much narrower, perhaps because of all the socialist countries Czechoslovakia has the most deeply-rooted democratic experience. "They cannot tolerate a meeting of this kind," Jiri Diensbier (a leading Chartist and a dominant figure from 1968) said to me. "They know that if they allow any space, Czechoslovak democracy would spring into life. We would have political parties, independent trades unions, peace groups, and so on. We have a tradition of self-organisation going back 140 years and that tradition has not been destroyed."

But the contradictions of reform from above are also reflected in the confusion of the authorities. It is evident that there is no agreement within the ruling institutions about where to draw the line. We do not even know who ordered the arrests and expulsions in Prague and the police brutality in Budapest—or even who knew about them. (A mysterious "superior authority" decided that we foreigners had broken Law 68, year 65, paragraph 3 of the Czech penal code.) Last week, to everyone's surprise, the Czech prime minister, Stroughal, gave an interview to an Austrian newspaper in which he hinted that it all might have been a mistake. He was ordering an investigation into the affair, he said. He was not convinced, it seems, that we were agents of Nato posing as tourists.

A similar confusion is displayed in statements by Hungarian leaders. On the one hand, the new party leader Grosz seems to have defended the police behaviour when he said that it was all right to mourn the dead but it was not all right to insult the representatives of power. On the other hand, the Minister of Interior Affairs, in charge of the police, said on Hungarian television that it was the job of the police to defend the state and the system, but they also had to understand that they served the people and they should be polite to those who do not break the law.

It is important to analyse the significance of these events if we are concerned about the future of detente in Europe. As yet, we cannot possibly judge whether they betoken a crackdown, a reversal of the progressive developments of the last year, or whether they are opportunities to embarrass the hardliners, which might even result in some constraints on police powers. But it is clear that detente and disarmament must be linked to the question of democracy in Eastern Europe.

It is possible to outline two scenarios. One would involve a peaceful evolution towards the sharing of power and an alternative security system for Europe which gives the Soviet Union sufficient guarantees to pull out of Eastern Europe, as it is pulling out of Afghanistan. This is not altogether implausible. The Soviet Union increasingly recognises the unmanagability of East-Central Europe. A Finlandised politically stable Eastern Europe could be preferable to a never-ending state of suppressed instability. But it would require a determined western effort to reduce the military confrontation, to pull back American troops and to dismantle Nato nuclear weapons. And it would require support for all those groups who are trying to organise a peaceful, democratic opposition and avoid the spontaneous violence that provokes coercive

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response.

The other scenario, in which Gorbachev could come unstuck, is one in which the hardliners regain or hold on to power. It is a continuation of what Miklos Haraszti (in the latest issue of the END Journal) calls the cold civil war—the cycle of violence and suppression, stalemate and instability that has characterised East-Central Europe for the last 40 years. It would mean a continued Soviet military presence in Eastern Europe. It is a scenario that legitimises militarism in the west and authoritarianism in the east.

Despite our long sojourns in the police station and the airport, those of us who went to Prague did try to continue our discussions with our Czech hosts. And we ended up with a statement that put forward some proposals, for edging Europe's future towards the first scenario. The statement made the link between democracy, on the one hand, and demilitarisation, the withdrawal of foreign troops, and the dissolution of military blocs, on the other. It called on the Warsaw Pact countries to reassess the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia as an act contradictory to international law. And it called on the Nato countries not to undermine the achievements of the INF treaty through new developments in weaponry, especially the modernisation of short-range nuclear weapons.

But the main thrust of the statement was the Czech idea of a European Assembly for Peace and Democracy to be held in Prague. If we are to bring about democracy in the east and to reinvigorate democracy in the west, we need together to construct an all-European civil society. The Assembly would provide a meeting point for social movements, for all kinds of citizens' initiatives, for peace, green and human rights groups.

We would ask all the governments who signed the Helsinki Final Act in 1975 to guarantee the safety of the Assembly. If such an assembly could take place in Prague (the site of so many tragic events in modern European history—Munich, the Prague coup, the Soviet invasion), then this in itself would symbolise the ending of the cold war both between European states and within East European society.

...detention from above

Christopher Hitchens was one of those who got locked up.

I cherished only two modest ambitions for my visit to this capital of the mummified baroque. The first was to be allowed to attend a legal meeting, at which men and women from the human rights movement in the East, and the disarmament movements in the West, would be attempting to establish a common terrain. The second was to be the first writer in modern history to compose an article from Prague which did not mention Joseph K or his equally imperishable creator. The latter ambition was repeatedly thwarted by the former.

You attend a meeting, in a private apartment. An introductory statement is made, by a man who was once Foreign Minister of the Republic but whose name cannot now be officially printed. There is a knock on the door. Into the apartment come uniformed and plain-clothes police, led by a man with eyes so close together that he could comfortably get by with a monocle. While one of his underlings sweeps the room with a video camera, he issues peremptory instructions to depart. At my request the former Foreign Minister inquires politely if we may know what law has been infringed, and in what respect the law contravenes the Helsinki Accords. He further inquires, on behalf of his foreign guests, if they may telephone to their embassies. Neither request is exactly denied. Instead, the police official simply refuses to say on what charge, or for what cause, the Czechs or the foreigners are being treated in this fashion.

Still striving to avoid the easy resort to Kafka, I talk to one of the Hungarian delegates during the brief period of our segregation together. It reminds me, I say adventurously, of Nabokov's 1947 novel *Bend Sinister*. In this prescient and haunting book, a group of dolts and bullies takes power, under the leadership of the appalling Paduk, in the name of The Party of the Average Man. This pseudo-populist party understands the deadly combination of stupidity and cunning. It specialises in knowing the weak points of the human personality, and possesses a ghastly, mediocre patience. My Hungarian friend nods in appreciation but proposes an alterantive encapsulation. "What we see here," he says, "is what Gramsci described as *cretinismo eroico*."

Next day, while in detention at the police station, we read (in the morning papers) a crude and fantastic denunciation of one of our Czech hosts. Petr Uhl, one of the original signatories of Charter 77 and a man who has served almost a decade in prison. He is castigated across several columns for being what he actually is—a dangerous leftist. The rubbishy party paper *Rude Pravo* laboriously connects his ideas to those of a certain Trotsky, adding in brackets after this exotic name the explanatory word "Bronstein".

I have seldom been arrested by such pitiable people, and have never been detained in such distinguished company. Present with me were two women with exemplary records in the movement initiated by Edward Thompson and known throughout Europe as END (European Nuclear Disarmament). There was a representative of the Polish "Freedom and Peace" group; a leader of the Slovende dissidents in Yugoslavia; and the Hungarian mentioned above whose colleagues have recently succeeded in setting up flourishing and independent political clubs in Budapest. There was a woman from India, who has been energetic in the campaign for the victims of Union Carbide in Bhopal. There were two battle-hardened Puerto Rican socialists. The West German Greens and some interesting revisionists from the Italian left were also in the bag.

But our predicament, and its ironies, was a paltry one when compared to that of our hosts. And here, a simple point which also contradicts Kafka. None of the Czechs, when being grabbed and driven away, showed the least sign of fear. Jiri Hakek, who, as mentioned above used to be Alexander Dubcek's Foreign Minister, served five years in a camp under the Nazis and has every right to be unimpressed by the relative cretinism of the Czech quislings of today. But many of those who offered us bed and board were only three or four years old at the time of the Warsaw Pact invasion in 1968. And they went, quite confidently and cheerfully, all the way to prison for the sake of our meeting.

It is this, really, that spells defeat for the miserable regime established by Brezhnev two decades ago. As Isaac Deutscher was fond of saying: *"Plus c'est la meme chose—plus ça change"*. Attempting to freeze and petrify society, the apparent post-Stalinist apparat has created cynicism and disgust on a colossal scale.

It does not take a political genius to notice that *Rude Pravo* never mentions Mikhail Gorbachev unless it has to. It does not take a political genius to observe that the missile-flourishing Reagan of a few years ago was a free gift to *Rude Pravo* and its automaton propagandists. When the brave leaders of Charter 77 issued their invitation East and West (and South), they were explicitly seeking to connect the struggle for democracy to the struggle against militarism. Ever since Chernobyl, it has been easier and more urgent to make internationalist connections between the nuclear menace and the battle against political secrecy and the "security state".

At dusk on the Charles Bridge, small groups of young Czechs gather every night under the statues to play guitars and pass bottles of wine. They sing the forbidden 1968 songs of Marta Kubisova, and the police don't know quite what to do about it. The orders from the top, and from Moscow are not as direct or as clear as they used to be. "The Castle" still looms above the city from the Hradcany Hill, but it is inhabited by pygmies who were fished out of the dustbin of history and who whimper in their sleep at the thought of going back to it.

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POLITICAL COLUMN

Insecure traditions

We may be witnessing the strange death of Labour Britain—but who will bury it?

Stephen Howe

Do political ideas live or die on their merits, or are their fates decided in the contingencies of history? Scholars still argue over the Liberal Party's interwar collapse. Was it predestined by the exhaustion of Liberalism's intellectual resources or the dwindling of its social base, or was the party struck down by the accidents of world war one?

Similar disputes are inevitable—are already stirring—about contemporary Conservative resurgence and socialist decline. If we are witnessing the strange death of Labour Britain, there will be historians in 2050 who will cite as its cause a catalogue of near-accidents and might-have-beens. If Callaghan had called an election in October 1978; if Jon Lansman hadn't met Dennis Skinner in a hotel lavatory in 1980; if IRA bombers at another seaside hotel had succeeded; if Kinnock had known when to stop talking...

There will also be those who argue that Labour decline and Tory renewal were predestined by seismic shifts in intellectual life. The creeping brain-death of the left and renaissance of New Right thought, it will be suggested, underlie the changes in political fortunes. Two publishing events of recent days offer a few clues to the validity of this kind of claim. Since 1983 Roger Scruton's *Salisbury Review* has been the intellectual flagship of the New Right, frequently if questionably credited with enormous influence in Downing Street. Now two volumes of selected essays from the *Review*, *Conservative Thoughts* and *Conservative Thinkers* (£14.95 each from the Claridge Press, which calls itself "Britain's most backward-looking publisher") enable a provisional balance-sheet for Scruton's project.

Meanwhile Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind*, for months a bestseller and cause celebre in the US, is published this side of the pond (Penguin £8.95). Bloom's jeremiad for the decay of western civilisation (what was it Gandhi said?), as signalled by the state of US education, will make far less of a splash here—but it should provoke reflection on how much of the same story could be applied to Britain.

The contemporary Conservative intellectual, as these books reveal, still seems to feel oddly embattled. After nine years of power here, eight in the US, for governments sympathetic to their ideas, New Right thinkers' self-images are still those of lonely warriors for truth, struggling against the odds. Sometimes this is just plain daft, as with Scruton's claim that the *Salisbury Review* "has been severely persecuted" and subjected to "an endless stream of libellous rant". Bloom's sense of decay and isolation is far more heartfelt: nobody, he laments, cares about Socrates, or Mozart, or the finer American values any more.

Bloom blames a wide range of villains for the rotted state of his students' minds (what, I wonder, do his students think of him?): feminism, black militancy, television, rock music, moral relativism and, orchestrating the lot, the New Left. Twenty years after the event, the insurgent students of the sixties are still besieging his university office, or at least his psyche. While everyone else seems to be commemorating May 1968, poor Professor Bloom is still on the barricades. Lurking behind everything, oddly enough, are the lumpish features of Martin Heidegger, "the most powerful intellectual force of our times". Now it's true that there have been, especially in France, some left-wing Heideggerians, but to blame his influence on the New Left or vice versa is simply perverse. Personally, I feel that Günter Grass's *Hundejahre*, 25 years ago, rendered further comment on Heidegger's moral impact superfluous. The thought that Reaganomics, the hegemony of aggressive commercialism, or the dictates of know-nothing religious fundamentalism might pose a threat to American learning finds no place in Bloom's scheme.

The intellectual insecurity of the New Right stands in stark contrast to its political success

Conservative Thoughts includes Ray Honeyford's notorious essay on race and education. The shallowness of its "common sense" argument and the offensiveness of its crude ethnic labelling strike one no less forcibly than when it first appeared. If Scruton really felt it necessary to flaunt the *Review*'s uglier face of nativist prejudice, John Casey's "One Nation: the politics of race" would have been a better choice.

Nothing else in Scruton's volumes plumbs the depths reached by Honeyford. Most of the essays are light in tone, fun to read even as one bridles at almost all their assumptions. This is where the ideologues of the New Right most obviously score over their left-wing counterparts: in accessibility. The intellectual substance of the *Salisbury Review* will not bear comparison with that of, say the *New Left Review*—but the former ranges much more widely, into the politics of taste, death, sex, forgiveness and conscience, and is quite simply an easier read. Of the pieces on Conservative thinkers, far the most enjoyable are those whose subjects are most unexpected (Jane Austen, Shakespeare) or which introduce obscure figures like Louis de Bonald or Eric Voegilin. Almost every article, however, shares this peculiar stance of claiming to assert buried truths against the spirit of the age.

The intellectual insecurity of the New Right stands in stark contrast to its political success. This is no cause for rejoicing. The prayer of radicals for the 1990s should be that suggested by John Stuart Mill: "Lord, enlighten thou our enemies...We are in danger from their folly, not from their wisdom: their weakness is what fills us with apprehension, not their strength."

An Israeli socialist friend, castigating the conservative forces which are dragging his country to disaster, described them to me as an alliance of the pre-Enlightenment and the anti-Establishment: the religious fundamentalists and the secular authoritarians. Once, the lines of battle seemed clear: the left was the party of Enlightenment rationalism, the right that of obscurantism. Now they are far more blurred.

Bloom claims to defend the Enlightenment idea, albeit a miserably narrow vision of it, against a new barbarism. Some of Scruton's contributors do likewise; but others raise the banners of tradition, nation, religion and (more guardedly) race against the claims of reason. On the left, both "radical" followers of Nietzsche and Heidegger and the guardians of vanishing class solidarities, in their different ways, celebrate irrationalism. The association between political radicalism and reason seems to be eroding, and needs urgent repair. Bloom and Scruton, despite themselves, demonstrate that the left still has a better claim to the Enlightenment legacy than the right.

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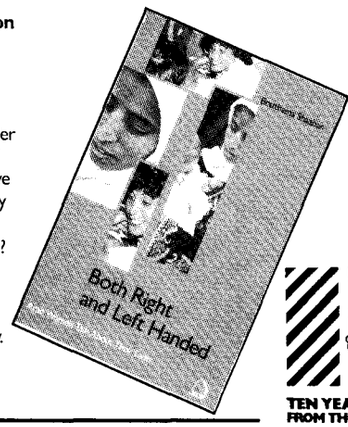

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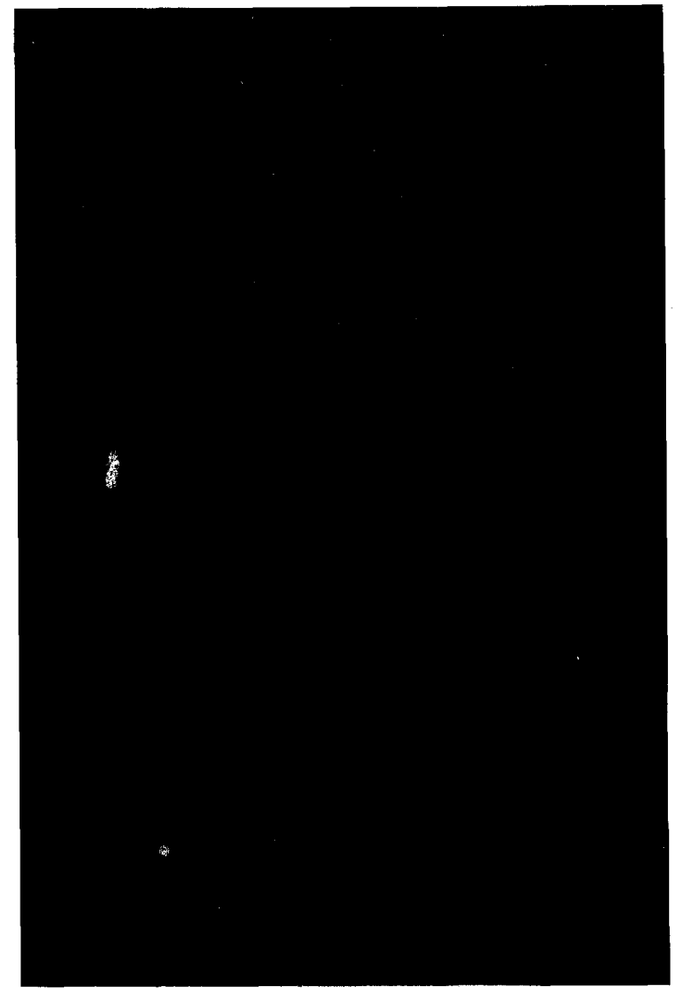

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LETTERS

BBC and race

I refer to the piece by Roger Woddis which was published in last week's *New Statesman and Society*.

The BBC's opposition to racism and racial intolerance remains unchanged. In fact, over the past few months, the BBC's Policy and Planning Unit has been involved in a number of initiatives to ensure that our policy is effective. In particular, more extensive guidelines are being drawn up, in consultation with senior editorial staff, the BBC's equal opportunities officers, and members of the BBC's advisory committees, in relation to coverage of issues affecting black and Asian communities.

I regret that the *NSS* saw fit to make a prominent reference to a mis-statement of this policy *after* it had been corrected in the national press and to make further and very damaging statements about the BBC's position and about its policy unit, headed by Patricia Hodgson, which are untrue.

Michael Checkland
Director General of the BBC

Editor's note: *NSS* accepts that the news item upon which Roger Woodis's poem was based was in fact inaccurate and that the BBC's opposition to racism is undiminished. We regret any embarrassment caused to the BBC and Patricia Hodgson.

The dream ticket

Your suggestion that I should enter the contest for the Labour Party leadership (*NSS*, "Dream ticket", 24 June) is flattering, and extremely complimentary to Chris Mullin, Alan Plater and Mick Jackson, to say nothing of Ann Skinner and Sally Hibbin, all of whom are responsible for *A Very British Coup*.

However, I notice that Ronald Reagan, having left Hollywood, became a politician, and Karol Woytyla, having failed as an actor, became Pope. For my part, having studied for three years to become a priest and having failed in this, I am enjoying a very happy and rewarding life as an actor.

I have no desire to become a new statesman. I am content to remain an old ham. But thanks anyway!

Ray McAnally
London W1

Unblocking the zugzwang

Any doubts about your newly-merged creation were dispelled by the fact that you seem to have a decent chess-column!

Therefore I do not feel in zugzwang over my choice of weekend reading.

David Everington
Shrewsbury

Black economy

It is interesting to see how white liberal editors can be taken in. It obviously escaped your attention that you are promoting illegality by condoning the variety of no doubt interesting/attractive/worthy/fashionable etc. practices listed in the article by Ms Rose (*NSS*, "Black economy", 17 June). . . but all of which are definitely outside the law and cannot be justified by the usual "ghetto" insinuations: there are "loadsa" black people out there doing an honest day's work for an honest wage. Where is your socialism, for God's sake?

Gregory Price
London SW2

Defining the right

Francis Wheen now belatedly admits (*NS* diary, 27 May) that he uses the description "extreme right wing" to denote mainstream Conservatives, no matter how anti-Fascist are our views and credentials. It is his privilege to render the phrase vacuous in this way, if he wishes, provided that he makes his redefinition of it clear at the outset.

What he is not entitled to claim is that people such as myself denigrate "anyone of a mildly socialist persuasion" as an extremist. I do nothing of the kind—reserving that term for the leftish counterparts of Fascists and Nazis, namely Marxist-Leninists and those who knowingly support them, associate with them politically, and join their front organisations.

As for my 1976–78 Newham Labour Party campaign, trying to save social democrats from the folly of letting themselves be pushed out of the Labour Party was actually a very moderate cause to champion. If the Shirley Williamses had had the guts to stay and fight, they might now be calling the tune in the Labour Party — and not facing political oblivion all over again.

Dr Julian Lewis
Policy Research Associates

Citizenship denied

Before we get carried away with the idea of "citizenship", it might be useful to remind ourselves both of its primary political meaning, and of the region where it is still effectively denied: Northern Ireland.

Citizenship, considered as a right, means the franchise and the right to hold public (ie. government) office. Both are conditional on the right to join and vote for the parties competing to govern. These rights of citizenship, and the benefits of social cohesion that follow from them, are apparently taken so much for granted in Britain that there is great difficulty in imagining the possibility of a link between Northern Ireland's current plight and the joint Labour-Tory policy of denying functional citizenship to its people.

It is amusing to find Robin Wilson (*NSS*, letters, 24 June) bemoaning the "all-too-brief outpouring of progressive politics in Northern Ireland in 1968", while neglecting to mention that the Labour Party consistently refused, and continues to refuse, to organise in the province and provide a forum for progressive politics.

Mr Wilson's silence on this subject is consistent with the glaring gap in the opinion survey which his magazine (*Fortnight*) commissioned from Coopers and Lybrand a few months ago. The questions he asked were almost identical to those of an earlier Coopers and Lybrand poll commissioned by UTV and Channel 4 in May 1987—with one exception. *Fortnight* omitted to ask respondents whether they wanted the British parties to organise in the province. The Channel 4 poll had found that 59 per cent of Catholics and 65 per cent of Protestants want the British parties.

Evidently this finding was incompatible with Mr Wilson's idea of "citizenship" as it should apply to Northern Ireland.

Andrew Bryson
London N1

The fallacy of Aids tests

The continued failure of the left to develop any coherent position in relation to the future management of the British Aids epidemic was highlighted by John Lewis' reports of Tory backbench plans for mandatory HIV testing (*NSS*, Society, 10 June).

Lewis began his piece with the news that Sir Nicholas Bonsor, a Tory MP, is urging the government "to carry out Aids testing on Britain's prison population". There is simply no such thing as an "Aids test". Aids is a syndrome of more than 70 life-threatening conditions to which individuals become vulnerable if their central nervous system and/or immunological defences have been damaged by the human immunodeficiency virus (HIV). The test in question detects antibodies, produced by the body in response to HIV, though there are now tests which also detect HIV itself.

The distinction betwen HIV and Aids is not trivial, and the continued confusion between a virus and a syndrome has serious consequences. Firstly it legitimises the widespread fear of people with Aids, as if they are somehow threatening rather than threatened. Secondly, it colludes with the dangerous fantasy that the epidemic can somehow be contained by recourse to a single, semi-magical test. Thirdly, it obscures the great diversity of clinical conditions which may constitute Aids.

Simon Watney
The Terrence Higgins Trust

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STATE OF THE NATION

The wrong party

John Lloyd

I was wholly wrong to write, in this column two weeks ago, that Neil Kinnock was preparing the party and the country for a turnabout on nuclear policy. The only coherent explanation of the past three weeks' events is that he remains a convinced unilateralist. Like others, I had wished this was not so, and made the wish the father of the belief.

The proofs I and other hopeful multilateralists had adduced to bolster this were: an off-the-record briefing given by Kinnock to the *Independent* in May which was then written up as preparation for a shift on defence; a speech in Madrid soon after which could be interpreted in the same light; and, of course, the *This Week Next Week* interview. But on re-reading these texts (and allowing for the extraordinary verbal obfuscation which points to a man seeking to retain his beliefs while convincing a hostile world they are perfectly in accord with a quite different set of beliefs) it is clear that his "something for something" drift is limited to an apparently firm faith that the Soviet Union is bound progressively to reduce its nuclear armoury, and thus any reductions made by Britain must be matched or more than matched by drops in the Soviet stockpile.

The on-the-record lunch conversation at the *Independent* last week, though it gave a different emphasis to Kinnock's thought, was of a piece with his previous pronouncements. He is a unilateralist who cannot help but appreciate that his policy is unpopular.

This is, of course, very disappointing. The common denominator among multilateralists (and there are different kinds) is that the reduction of nuclear forces can only be achieved within a *relationship*—or, more accurately, within a series of relationships. In none of these is the UK dominant: it thus must move with care and with responsibility. While the Gorbachev secretaryship and the prospect of a Dukakis presidency are both good news for arms reductions, neither is certain to continue or to happen.

Outside Nato and the Warsaw Pact, nuclear capabilities of some sort are said to be possessed by the Chinese, the Israelis, the South Africans, the Indians, the Pakistanis and the Brazilians. Further, the much-heralded reduction of US military power in western Europe will inevitably face the European Community members with a defence dimension to their deliberations: a dimension made the more likely the closer the economic links are by 1992.

In his assault on his party members' intelligence in the *Times* last week, Gerald Kaufman, Labour's foreign affairs spokesman, told us that the reason the party's defence policy was still to be finally decided was because he could not yet make policy since the direction of events still had to be clarified. It is in the nature of the direction of events that it always needs to be clarified. The inhibition is not that: it is the futile endeavour to try to find a formula for unilateralism which will make it make sense to people who know it is *wrong*.

For the reasons given above, the senior Labour politician who says *that* is unlikely to be the leader. But perhaps others should set themselves the task. Indeed, perhaps it is time that the party's new ruling class—the soft left, and the right which has made an alliance with it—took it upon themselves to say in public what they say in private: lift the burden from a leader whose courage in taking on at least some of the party's sepulchres has been conspicuous—and, often, conspicuously ahead of anything anyone else is saying. The period of the policy review is the time for heresies and risks: most of all, it is the time for explicit admission of past mistakes.

The period of the policy review is the time for explicit admission of past mistakes

The soft left was *wrong* about the European Community. Indeed, most of the party was wrong about it, for even the pro-marketeers were unenthusiastic. The Community, the first conscious creation of a state out of independent constituent parts without conquest or imperialism, has its roots in a desire for peace and could find its future in an economic and social order which is open, social democratic and pacific. The opportunity afforded the EC in developing its own defence policy is that the stance it adopts could—in accentuating the fact that the nuclear relationship is becoming multipolar rather than bipolar—help reduce tension further.

The party was and is *wrong* about the government's economic policy. In this sense: official party rhetoric still points to the Thatcher boom coming to a corner round which a beast with a mallet waits to squash it, uttering the fell cry—"I told you so!" The credit expansion, the balance of trade, the height of interest rates, the collapse of manufacturing are all, individually or together, adduced as demonstrations that the experiment has failed and we will all, soon, be much worse off. But a number of parts of the "experiment" have worked (as Kinnock's speech to the Fabians two weeks ago implicitly admitted): Labour needs to discriminate between those which have and those which haven't worked, carefully, rather than, as now, opportunistically and on the wing.

The whole party was and is *wrong* about the relationship with the unions, which nearly all say must be preserved for fear of something worse. I can claim to know from conversations and from confrontations how strong resistance to the idea is, especially from the Transport Workers. But it is no longer sustainable to have a weak, splitting Labour movement dominate the major party of opposition: no longer sustainable to preserve "moderation" with armies of phantom votes in blocs; no longer sustainable to pretend that the working class can be "represented" by union leaders.

Much of the party was *wrong* about merit and efficiency: or at least apparently dismissive of them. The ease with which the government has carved up the public sector has partly been due to a defence of it which showed little regard for what and how it delivered. Labour has defended public authorities while Labour-controlled local governments have presided over some of the worst and most inefficient practices in the country. To regain the initiative in the education debate Labour has to re-assert its belief in these concepts—as Jack Straw, the education spokesman, began to do in a speech in Wolverhampton last month. Since it is now able to become the party of the public sphere—as the Thatcherite conservatives have evacuated it— it should do so carrying the banners of efficiency and the promotion of merit.

A little less than 14 years ago, Sir Keith Joseph delivered one of the most important speeches of our time. Speaking in Preston, in September 1974, he told his audience that he and the leadership of his party had been wrong for at least as long as the 20 years he had been in the Tory Party. The new conservatism whose foundation stone he was laying still rules today: still innovates: still wins. A new opposition to it—it may or may not be amenable to being called "socialism" just as commentators argue on whether or not "Thatcherism" can be called "conservatism"—has no option but to make the same frank break with its past.

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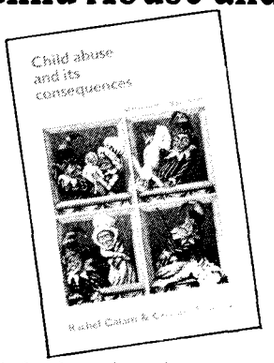

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SOCIETY

Statistics of a taboo

Estimates of the prevalence of child sex abuse vary from one in 6,000 to one in two. Jeremy Laurance investigates the figures

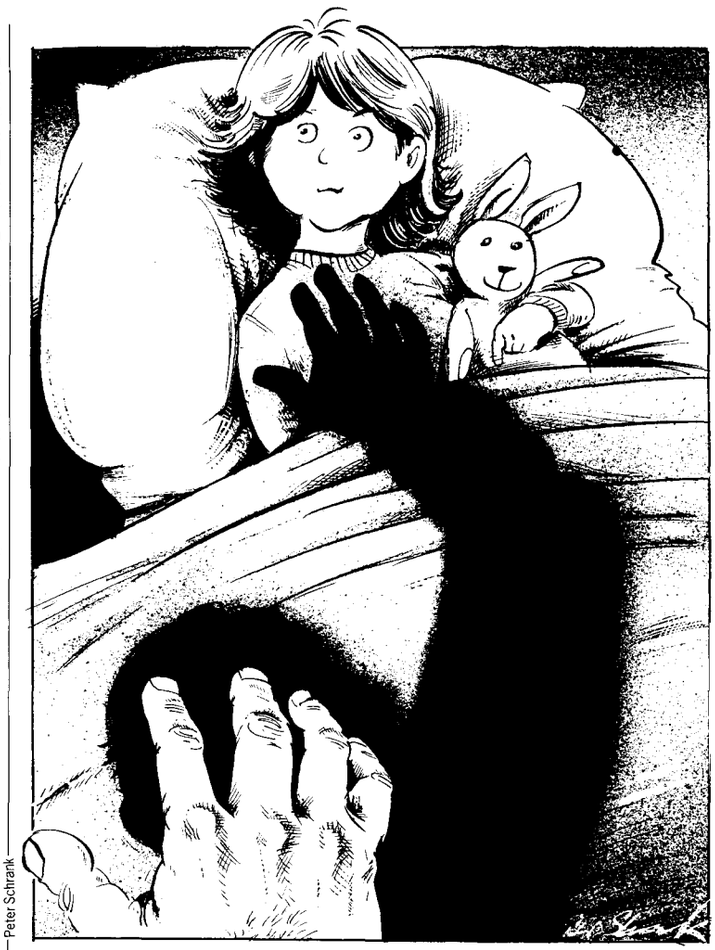
One evening when I was nine I was last in the changing room after swimming at school. The teacher on duty offered to help me get dry; I didn't resist. When he rubbed my genitals I giggled and squirmed away. Later he bought me sweets but I became embarrassed by his attention and he soon sought out a more responsive child.

On the most widely accepted definition, this makes me a victim of sex abuse. I was a dependent child involved in a sexual activity I did not truly understand, to which I was unable to give informed consent and which violated our sexual taboos. But I would never think of describing myself as a victim because the experience had, so far as I am aware, no lasting ill effects.

I suspect a great many people, if they dredge their memories, can come up with an experience at the hands of an adult or older child which would fall within this definition. How many young girls have escaped even a single encounter with a "flasher"? To some it will have seemed a harmless, if pathetic, joke. But for others it will have been frightening. This illustrates the problem of determining how widespread sex abuse is. It depends what you are interested in: the *incidence* — and what that says about society, our attitude to children and the impoverished emotional lives of many adults. Or the *pathology* — the numbers damaged by the experience and what may be done to identify and help them.

Most of those who experience only one or two mild incidents are unlikely to suffer long-term effects. A MORI poll in 1984 found that of the 10 per cent who said they had been sexually abused, only 10 per cent (1 per cent of the total) felt that as adults they had suffered permanent damage as a result.

But discovering who these serious victims are is much more difficult. Sex abuse occurs in secret, is kept secret by the family, and is being kept secret by society's attitudes and taboos. In one study of cases of incest reported to the police, three quarters of the victims had earlier tried to tell someone of their plight but had not been believed. A BBC survey of adults who had been abused found that 60 per cent of them claimed never previously to have told anyone. All the research indicates that pressure on victims to remain silent is heavy, frequently accompanied by threats of violence and even death.



Peter Schrank

In these serious cases, the abuse tends to follow a progression starting with touching and fondling, or exhibitionism, going on to masturbation and then intercourse: oral, anal or vaginal. It may last for years. The abuser is most often a parent, close relative or friend and the abuse takes place within the context of a trusting relationship. The rape of a child by a stranger is the rarest form of this offence. Families guard their guilty secret rather than risk exposure which may lead to family breakdown, with the father imprisoned and the children taken into care. Silence and self-sacrifice can seem preferable.

In the light of this, it is not surprising that estimates of the prevalence of sex abuse vary hugely, ranging from one in 6,000 children affected (Mrazek, Lynch and Bentovim, 1981) to one in two (Nash and West, 1985). The best recent estimate has been made by Professor Jean La Fontaine, a social anthropologist at the London School of Economics, who conducted a survey of recent research for the Economic and Social Research Council. She puts the figure at 10 per cent of the population "for behaviour involving physical contact".

La Fontaine disposes of several myths about sex abuse. Unlike physical abuse, which is commoner in deprived areas and in the lower social classes, sex abuse is evenly distributed by region and class. Some studies have shown a preponderance of victims from middle-class families. According to La Fontaine there is a "widely accepted" view among those working in the field that the extent of abuse among the more advantaged is being effectively concealed. "Research is needed to substantiate this hypothesis," she says.

The victims are not newly nubile girls but pre-pubertal children — boys as well as girls. As medical expertise grows, the age at diagnosis is falling: in Leeds, 38 per cent of the cases diagnosed were under five. At Great Ormond Street, 23 per cent were under five (and 6 per cent under three). Male victims may be more common than has been supposed; as public awareness of the problem has grown, more men are only just becoming prepared to speak out. Nearly a quarter of the victims referred to Great Ormond Street have been boys. In Leeds, the proportion of male victims diagnosed rose from 6 per cent in 1984 to 30 per cent in 1986. Boys and girls may be abused by the same person.

The sexual aspect of these relationships has nothing in common with romantic or seductive dreams. The words fondle or caress, researchers say, are better replaced by grab, rub, probe, lick and suck. But because of its hidden nature ("our little secret," an abusing father may say), sexual

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abuse can become an activity that the child may want and even derive pleasure from. Only later may the experience feel abusive. The abuser may therefore argue that the child agreed to sex or even led him on. But in the context of a relationship between a child and a trusted adult who is used to being obeyed, aquiescence can never be equated with consent.

A few studies have suggested that some children may survive this kind of sexual contact with an adult unscathed. But most researchers are sceptical. The abused show "more frequent signs of maladjustment and general unhappiness than the non-abused" (Nash and West, 1985). They suffer "a significant distortion" of their emotional lives, of the "future pattern of their sexual activities," and of their "ability to parent" (Bentovim and Vizard, 1988).

Next to nothing is known about offenders. They are mostly men (though between 2 and 5 per cent are women), and mostly related to the child, usually as the father. The so-called incest taboo does not seem to inhibit these men; the taboo seems to be more against *talking* about incest than practising it.

The perpetrators fall into three groups, according to Jane Wynne, consultant paediatrician and sex abuse expert in Leeds. There are the paedophiles; the sexually promiscuous who will "go with anything", and the sexually inadequate who are incapable of forming sexual relationships in the normal way. In Leeds, 25 per cent of the perpetrators were teenagers; according to Wynne, 75 per cent of all abusers start as teenagers. Incest between brother and sister is a neglected area about which little is known because it is considered less serious than incest between parent and child. Yet it is more likely to involve the use of force.

If the perpetrators could be identified early, in their teens, something might be done therapeutically to save their turning into abusing parents themselves. But the broader aim must be to raise public awareness of the problem and the subjugation of children's rights that underlies it. As La Fontaine says: "Child sexual abuse is the product of disordered relationships and an inability to recognise a child as an individual rather than a possession." It is because these are deep-seated attitudes shared by all of us that the investigation of sex abuse is such a complex and painful matter.

Nash CL, West DJ: *Sexual Molestation of Young Girls.* In: West DJ, ed: *Sexual Victimisation.* Aldershot: Gower, 1985.

Bentovim A, Vizard E: *Sexual Abuse, Sexuality and Childhood.* In: Bentovim A et al, ed: *Child Sexual Abuse within the Family.* Butterworth, 1988.

Hulton Picture Library

Collecting the cash for a Friendly Society's 1933 Christmas share out

Giving the unions a Friendly face

Frank Field MP argues that trade unions should resume their old roles as Friendly Societies

Britain's welfare state is now broken-backed. This is the main conclusion of two reports published by the government last week. While the right will seize on these reports as a chance to harass further a hard-pressed government service, they offer an even greater opportunity to begin setting out an alternative to post-Thatcher Britain.

The reports show that parts of the DHSS are now in chaos, that many of its services are appalling and that, not surprisingly, staff morale is at rock bottom.

One of the reports, by a team headed by Margaret Moody, an Assistant Secretary in the DHSS, paints a grim picture of a system near to collapse, and totally unable to fulfil the duties required of it. This is all the more significant in a report coming from a career civil servant in the DHSS. If the Moody report is a "best case" public appraisal, the mind boggles as to the nature of private discussions on the state of the social security system. The report argues that "the service we provide to our customers varies enormously, from the quite outstanding to the quite appalling" and concludes that "the organisation will never be able to deliver a reasonable standard of service overall. Some places are already past the point of no return."

Some offices, says the report, deal with supplementary benefit claims on day they are made. Others, in stark contrast, take up to 25 working days. In the best offices, the waiting time for a short interview can be as little as 10 minutes. Others require claimants to hang around, often in dingy surroundings, for three or four hours. Again, the most efficient offices keep their declared rate of benefit payment errors down to 5 per cent. For others the total approaches 40 per cent. The most hard-pressed offices find it difficult to answer telephone enquiries from claimants for most of the day.

Moody argues that not only is the service appalling, but that the structure of the DHSS is wrong — it is "not the right one for the 1990s". Indeed, "social security is over-administered and under-managed". The problems of the DHSS are now so serious that "doing nothing is not an option".

The review team suggests that the main functions of handling pensions and supplementary benefit payments should be hived off from day-to-day Whitehall direction, and be farmed out to an "agency" which would devolve far more power to officials on the ground who have the job of dealing with claimants. It also spoke of creating a new "corporate image".

What the team probably had in mind was the move made a few years ago by the Department of Employment. It shed most of its routine functions by creating the Manpower Services Commission. A cynic could be forgiven for thinking that little in fact changed. A large number of civil servants disappeared from the official rolls when their jobs were transferred to the MSC. The Commission is headed by a chairperson and board, freeing government ministers from close concern with running the department. It also loosened parliamentary control over the quality and range of services received by the department's customers — mainly the unemployed.

During the spring there has been an increasing amount of discussion at Westminster about splitting the DHSS into two. The old Health Ministry, and the Ministry of Pen-

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sions and National Insurance were brought together in the 1960s in order to quench Richard Crossman's desire to run a big department. The amalgamation didn't make much sense then, and makes even less sense now. The social security budget is large enough to warrant single departmental status. A Health Ministry would similarly make a sensible functional department.

A move towards an agency solution to run a new department's social security functions offers a heavensent opportunity to begin setting a post-Thatcher agenda. If the Labour movement is to take advantage of it, it has to rediscover its roots.

Much of the welfare state in this country was built up by voluntary effort, in the vanguard of which were the Friendly Societies. A trade union movement wishing to move away from the increasing sectarianism (currently shown in its moves to expel members), would seek to re-gain those functions which the state has stripped from it. The way in which they have lost their roles as Benefit Societies is one example of this.

This is not a plea for any dismantling of the welfare state, let alone a reduction in benefits. But it *is* a plea to begin thinking about what we really mean when we talk about the devolution of power.

Trade unions providing social security benefits and developing the Job Centre network would take on a very different public image

Any move to decentralise the running of the social security budget must operate within clear guidelines laid down by the centre. Indeed, the Moody report makes such recommendations, the main ones of which are:

- There should be a national definition of good service, with ways to measure performance.
- Local managers should be in charge of their own budgets, and responsible for creating local internal and external markets deciding on local needs.
- Counter services should be reorganised, making one member of staff wholly responsible for each claimant.
- Modern computer and telecommunications systems, giving staff instant access to records, should be introduced.
- There should be a review of recruitment, with more consumer-orientated and less procedural training of staff.
- Above all, the state, in devolving the administration of benefits, would lay down the minimum rate of these benefits.

Let us suppose for the moment that the trade unions were to bid for this work. To do so they would have to reactivate their Friendly Society role. The Friendly Societies themselves would be the agencies through which benefits were administered. Defenders of a central role for the state will doubtless argue that, even if it is possible to get such a move off the ground, it will inevitably be wasteful. What is the point of setting up Friendly Societies competing for members when, at present, a uniform service is provided by the state? But it is partly *because* the social security system is a centrally run service, over worked and under staffed, that the Moody report has turned in such a devastating indictment.

Moreover, Benefit Societies, governed by minimum conditions of benefits and services, would provide an element of competition for customers which is clearly lacking under the present system. Those dissatisfied with the services of one Friendly Society would be able to transfer their entitlements to another — in the same way that a dissatisfied saver can move his or her assets from one building society to another. Part of the ploy of attracting more customers would be to offer a higher or different range of national insurance benefits. These would have to be actuarily based, and increased contributions would be required. It is not hard to see that such a strategy would allow the Benefit Societies to begin cutting into the ever-growing private pension market.

The ideal body to spearhead this change in direction is the TUC, which increasingly appears to be without any meaningful function. All too many of its members operate like a government in exile, waiting a return of the heady days of the 1960s. Not only is it undesirable for such a state of affairs to be re-established, when Labour governments openly spoke of the trade union veto, but no Labour Party is likely to get elected if such a return to the past is in the offing.

A trade union movement with the confidence to bid for the social security side of the DHSS would also have the confidence to take the debate on privatisation into the post-Thatcher period. One of the first functions of the trade unions was to collect vacancy figures for their members. They continued to do so until the state denied them this role by establishing the Labour Exchanges, which were in turn replaced by the Job Centres. A confident trade union movement would challenge Mrs Thatcher on her privatisation policy, by themselves initiating a bid for the Job Centre network.

This again would fit into a strategy which would allow the unions to develop Friendly Society roles, without giving up any of their existing functions. Trade unions providing social security benefit services to the whole population, and securing and developing the Job Centre network, would begin to take on a very different public image to the one they currently have. A renaissance in the Friendly Societies might also feed on trade union confidence, so that they would begin to devlop their industrial functions. Questions of investment, profit levels, research and development are all crucial to the future well-being of the British economy and far too important to be left to the traditional business class alone.

If the Prime Minister is going to extend her privatisation programme to include the Job Centres, it is clear that she will not offer a role to the unions of her own accord. The last people she wishes to see benefit from such a move would be the union movement, or the opposition in general.

However, if in reforming the social security system, we are to avoid a repeat of the creation of the MSC — effectively a government department with virtually no Parliamentary control — it is vital that the unions are ready to step into the breach, and by seizing the initiative, prevent this becoming an inevitable outcome. By taking over social security and Job Centre functions, in their Friendly Society role, the unions would be able to start the process whereby Mrs Thatcher does not always have it her own way.

WELFARE WATCH

Sometimes it is possible to get round the time limits for making benefit claims, as a recent case shows

Few aspects of the benefit system cause more frustration than the time limits for making claims. Although some of the limits have now been relaxed—you can now claim your pension up to year after it is due —the rules about claiming means-tested benefits remain extremely tough. Even a day's delay can mean a loss of benefit.

There are two possible ways of getting round the time limits. The first, which has applied only since April, is a discretionary power to allow one month's grace for late claims. As the power is limited to cases in which the secretary of state certifies that it is "consistent with the proper administration of the social security acts", it is unlikely to be widely used. There is no right of appeal against a refusal.

The second escape route is the long-standing rule that benefit can be back-dated up to a year if there was "good cause" for the delay. Local DHSS offices generally take the tough line on what is "good cause", but on this question there *is* a right of appeal, first to a local tribunal and, from there, to a social security commissioner.

A recent commissioner's decision (CSB 813/1987) shows how important that right can be. Mr Singh had a long history of ill-health and had made a number of claims for sickness benefit, but until 1985 he did not realise that he might be entitled to supplementary benefit (now income support) as well. This was not surprising, as Mr and Mrs Singh only speak Punjabi.

With the help of the Leicestershire welfare rights unit, he claimed supplementary benefit in October 1985 and found he was entitled to £76.63 a week. But his request for 52 weeks arrears was rejected by the local office and the appeal tribunal. Ignorance of one's rights does not, in itself, constitute good cause for a late claim. As the tribunal pointed out, Mr Singh had received DHSS forms and leaflets referring to supplementary benefit. If he didn't understand them, he could have asked.

The commissioner disagreed. While accepting that neither language difficulties nor ignorance, in isolation, could justify delay in claiming, he argued that the tribunal had failed to consider the cumulative effect of these and other factors. Mr Singh was virtually housebound and his wife was fully occupied in caring for him. The hospital social worker who helped him with DHSS forms never mentioned the possibility of entitlement to supplementary benefit.

Taking all the facts into account, the commissioner decided that Mr Singh did have good cause for not claiming sooner. He left it to the local office to calculate the arrears, but at £76 a week they could amount to nearly £4,000. So justice has been done, after a fashion. But it is worth noting that it has taken nearly three years to achieve this and, even now, arrears will be payable for at most 52 weeks, regardless of the length of time for which benefit was unclaimed. *Tony Lynes*

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New "Wendy Savage" case?

A bizarre case involving a consultant obstetrician "frozen out" by hostile colleagues enters its final phase this month with an appeal to the Secretary of State for Health. On 12 July, Pauline Bousquet, consultant obstetrician and gynaecologist with the City and Hackney health authority, is appealing against being made redundant in a case which revives old arguments about natural versus high tech methods in child birth and a woman's right to choose.

Bousquet, like her more famous neighbour Wendy Savage, is a female consultant obstetrician working in the east end of London who fell out with her male colleagues over the management of childbirth. But while Savage survived a disciplinary inquiry with her job and reputation intact, Bousquet has been less fortunate.

A deeply committed Christian, widely described as being "other worldly," Bousquet has less political nous than Savage. A whispering campaign about her competence started in the late 1970s which culminated in 1979 in a charge of incompetence based on eight cases. Bousquet wanted an inquiry, confident that her name would be cleared. But the Medical Defence Union, which was representing her, arranged a deal "behind her back" under which the health authority dropped the charge of incompetence in return for her agreeing to give up obstetric work.

Over the next five years, Bousquet's gynaecological work was progressively cut back until she was doing only two sessions a week (two half days) but being paid for nine. In 1983, she asked to be given some obstetric work again. But the authority argued that safety in obstetrics depended on a full-time commitment to preserve the necessary skills.

In 1986 she was asked to take early retirement but refused. She was then offered nine sessions gynaecology or a post combining gynaecology with obstetrics provided she accepted a period of re-training in obstetrics after her long absence. But agreement could not be reached on the form of the re-training. So she turned down both options and was made redundant last year at the age of 61.

City and Hackney health authority insist that she was made redundant because no agreement could be reached on the work she would do. "There was never any question about her competence," says Ken Grant, the district general manager. "Lots of doctors have complaints made against them that are dismissed." But her supporters remain convinced that doubts about her competence remain at the core of the dispute.

In a modern health service the job security that consultants enjoy is anachronistic. It is extremely difficult and prohibitively expensive for a health authority to get rid of an incompetent consultant. On the other hand, the present disciplinary procedure, now under review by a joint BMA/DHSS committee, offers scant protection for the doctor whose chief crime is to hold views out of line with his or her colleagues'. The most disturbing feature of Pauline Bousquet's case is that the rumours about her incompetence, which have never died, have never been tested in an open forum either. *Jeremy Laurance*

Secrets reforms may not work

The government's plans to reform official secrets legislation in the hope of avoiding another "Ponting fiasco" may not be as watertight as it hopes, according to academic lawyers contacted by the *NSS* this week.

The Clive Ponting trial embarrassed the government when a jury refused to accept the judge's direction that the interests of the state were identical with those of the government, and found Ponting not guilty of breaching Section 2 of the Official Secrets Act — despite the fact that he had leaked classified documents without authority and that the government had claimed this was contrary to the public interest.

Now the government is considering amending the law so that a statement in court by a government minister that publication of certain official information had caused damage to the national interest would be the conclusive proof of the fact. The ministerial statement would not be open to challenge or question.

But this is not as straightforward as it seems. What appears to be proposed is an "ouster clause". This is a section put in laws in an attempt to protect executive decisions from being overturned by judges. (In general, executive decisions can be overturned by judicial review if it can be shown that the decision was tainted by bad faith; was irrational or unreasonable; was carried out under an improper procedure; or exceeded the minister's powers.)

Ouster clauses, by explicitly trying to make legislation judge-proof, are not particularly popular with judges, who sometimes over-rule them. The leading case is *Anisminic* in which a company claimed compensation from the Foreign Compensating Commission (FCC) for assets lost during the Suez crisis. The relevant legislation contained an ouster clause stipulating that no decision by the FCC should be called into question in any legal proceedings. But the House of Lords held that, despite the clause, plaintiffs *were*, in certain circumstances, entitled to argue in the courts that an FCC decision had been invalid.

National security wasn't involved in that case, but it was in a rather different one: *Duncan v. Cammel Laird.* During the war a submarine sank for no apparent reason while being tested off Birkenhead; the plaintiffs, suing for negligence, tried to get hold of documents that would show how the submarine worked. A minister intervened and issued a certificate stating that for reasons of national security the documents couldn't be disclosed. The courts held that the certificate was conclusive. This was the position until 1968 when it was overturned by *Conway v. Rimmer* which held that it was up to the courts to balance the considerations and that judges could look at the documents to see whether the interests of national security outweighed those of justice. More recently it was held in the GCHQ case that executive decisions taken under the Royal Prerogative could be challenged in court.

Whether judges would be prepared to overturn the provisions of an ouster clause in legislation passed by a large parliamentary majority, when it concerned national security, is a matter on which legal experts are not at this stage prepared to commit themselves. According to one: "My cynical answer is that they might protect their own positions by reserving the right *not* to be bound by the clause, yet at the same time not take any chances by actually overturning any ministerial certificates."

Another said: "They might refuse to overturn the substance of the certificate, but still allow a challenge on the grounds that the process of certification was tainted by error. You would have to argue that the minister had taken into account matters that did not relate to national security — for example, party political ones."

This is a highly murky and politicised area of law, with both executive and judiciary trying discreetly to upstage each other. But even if the government fails to get a judge-proof law it will have succeeded in its main aim: the argument will have been taken out of the hands of unreliable juries. *Jolyon Jenkins*

TAILGUNNER PARKINSON

"I had forgotten what Brixton was like: ground waves of small-carton rubbish, endless hustle and bustle, "Mammoth Sale" signs, large fat mums with large fat bags hovering around fresh fruit stalls, bus queues moving like circulating swallows to follow the jerks of traffic-floundering buses; and all the time a sense of excitement wavering halfway between chaos and carnival.

Brixton prison was unchanged as well although they've made an additional entrance that makes for easier official access. I had to prepare probation reports on two inmates. One was a 52-year-old drunk called Ollie; the other was a maths teacher who had ingeniously embezzled £5,000 from a couple of building societies.

Poor Ollie was all too easy to evaluate. I'd known him for years, and for years everything under the sun had been tried to cure him.

"Going to have a crack at giving it up?" I asked.

"I certainly will," he replied, as though the idea had never been put to him before. I looked down at my file. Ollie has no fixed abode, won't or can't work, has no friends or family and in the summer lives rough in St James Park. Nevertheless, with statutory optimism, I started to list a few ideas. When we reached Alcoholics Anonymous he had a carefully prepared speech: "AA is just for toffs who booze in sitting rooms. It's not for working men like me who're forced to beg for a living and sleep rough on park benches."

I didn't argue: I just passed Ollie a fag and he smiled. That was treatment he understood.

The maths teacher was a tall, gaunt man. As he entered the interviewing room he immediately started questioning me: would he get a prison sentence? Would he be able to get back into teaching? Would his wife stand by him? I told him I couldn't answer any of his questions until I knew what lay behind his crimes.

"Gambling on horses," he replied. "I thought I had the perfect system..." We were soon talking about Gamblers Anonymous but then somehow he became evasive. "I'd rather deal with my difficulty on my own," he kept repeating.

Returning to the underground I pondered on how different and how alike the two cases were. Addiction is essentially a disease of isolation. Both men needed help from others; neither was capable of receiving it.

It had been a gloomy day in Brixton."

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DATABASE

Credit cards

Credit card suppliers are enjoying a boom within the wider consumer boom. 38 per cent of adults now have at least one credit card, and they are achieving a bigger share of a rapidly expanding total.

Consumer expenditure was £257 billion last year, up 9 per cent over the previous year, according to a Mintel report published last month, called *Personal Finance Intelligence, volume 2 1988*. More than eight per cent of the total was by credit card. This is up from 6.9 per cent in 1986 and 4.4 per cent in 1983.

Credit card expenditure by banks and shops totalled more than £21 billion last year. This represents a 30 per cent increase over the previous year.

It is also a continuation of the trend which has seen total credit card expenditure rise by more than 20 per cent a year since 1983. In that year the total was a little over £8 billion. The split between bank and retailer credit cards has remained remarkably constant, standing at 79 per cent and 21 per cent respectively in 1987.

All in all there were 35.8 million credit cards in use last year. As well as 24.6 million bank and 9.5 million retail credit cards, there were one and a half million charge cards (like American Express) and 400,000 so-called premium cards (gold and platinum).

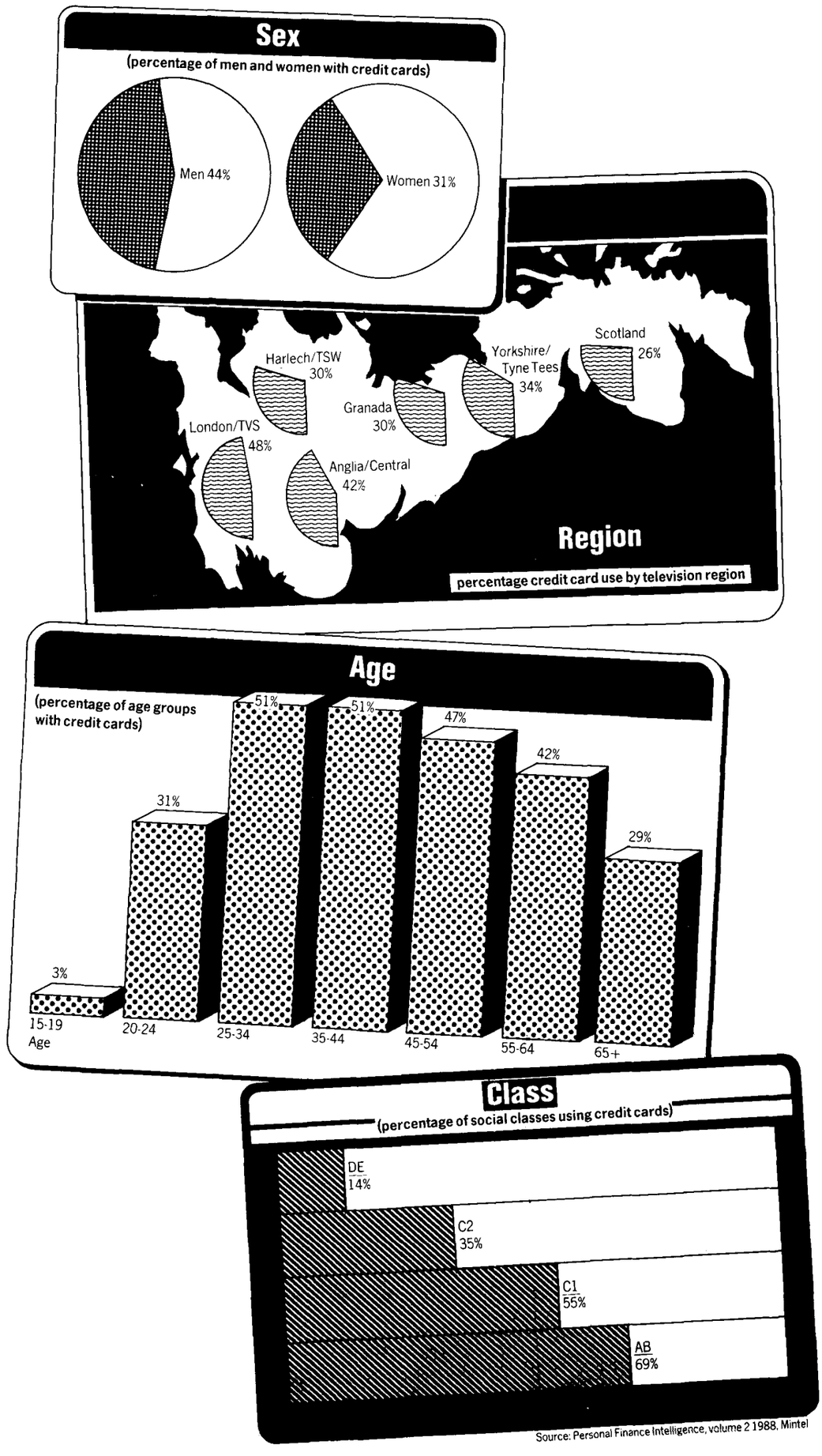
Ralph Halpern's Burton Group heads the retail credit card sector, with two and a half million accounts. It is followed by Club 24 (Next and Dixons), Marks and Spencer, and House of Fraser, all equal on one and a half million.

Mintel, together with the British Market Research Bureau, have done their own research into the characteristics of bank credit card holders. Surveys are the only source, since this information is not collected by the institutions themselves.

Results from a sample of 1,025 people, shows that bank credit card use is greater amongst men (44 per cent) than women (31 per cent). There is a greater density of credit cards among people in their twenties, a bare majority of whom have some form of "plastic money".

More than half the people in social classes A, B, and C1 have bank credit cards. This compares with a survey in 1985 which showed that credit card use was a minority activity for all classes.

James Stephenson



Tony Garrett

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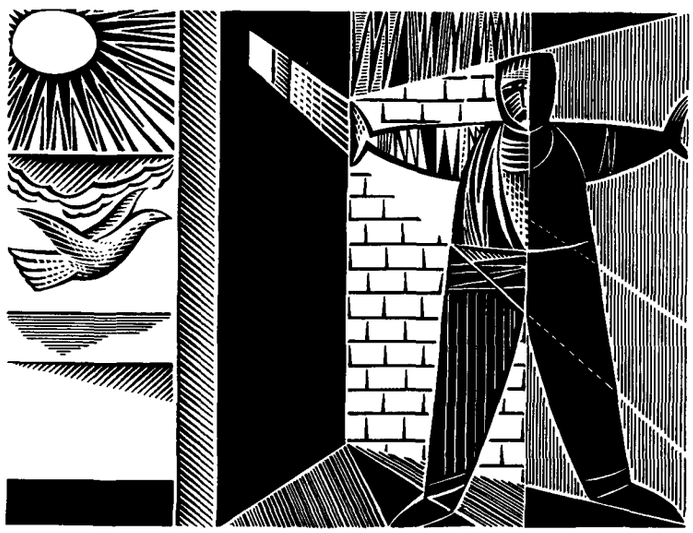
Crime and punishment

Tony Cole looks at the workings of the criminal justice system



Cliff Harper

Crime and punishment are back near the top of the political agenda. The House of Commons has voted again on capital punishment; there has been a prison riot in Cumbria; Chief Constables have expressed concern at the growth of violent public disorder in the hitherto law-abiding towns of the Home Counties; public disorder at the European football championships was as bad as had been feared.

In the midst of all this, there is continuing Home Office concern about the rising prison population and overcrowding. In February 1988, prison capacity was 42,546 and the prison population was 49,979.

The size of the prison population is affected by two factors: the number and type of offenders, and the sentencing policy of the courts. Sentencing policy is in its turn affected by the perceptioms of magistrates and judges, and by the range of sentences available to them, which is the outcome of legislation and thus, in part, of the policies of the government.

Faced with a steady increase in the rate of recorded crime, including violent crime, the government has embarked on a major prison-building programme, but it has also taken a careful look at ways of reducing the prison population, including the use of non-custodial alternatives to prison. Cost is a key factor here. In 1985–86, running the prisons cost £743 million, or £246 per week per prisoner. The weekly cost of keeping someone on probation is £15.00, and community service costs only £13.00 per week. Prisons are expensive.

One way to reduce the prison population would be not to send fine defaulters to sent to jail, especially if the original offence was not an imprisonable one. This would reduce the annual intake to prisons by up to 25 per cent, many of whom would be people on low incomes.

Available strategies for reducing the prison population include the remission and parole systems, whereby prisoners are able to "earn" their release before their original sentence is complete. While many prisoners do achieve early release by this method, some commentators argue that it has encouraged the courts to give longer sentences in the first place, on the assumption that the full sentence will never be served.

Magistrates and judges also have the power to suspend prison sentences for a fixed period of time. If the offender is reconvicted within that period, then both the original sentence and any additional one must be served. Again, there is evidence that the suspended sentence is used more freely than the immediate sentence, with the result that, with reoffending, admissions to prison increase. Pease (1980) suggests that as many as half of those given suspended sentences would not have been given an immediate sentence.

Community service orders were introduced in 1972, and the courts can sentence an offender to up to 240 hours of community-oriented useful work, as a way both of making amends to society and of avoiding the potentially damaging effects of imprisonment. Pease argues that most of those given community service orders would not otherwise have been given prison sentences. As with suspended sentences, this "alternative to prison" may not be as alternative as it seems.

The Home Secretary, Douglas Hurd, has recently made some new suggestions for non-custodial sentences. In May, he talked about the electronic tagging of offenders in the community, so that their whereabouts could be monitored. Since then, his junior minister, John Patten, has proposed a toughening of the community service order. Mr Patten wants to make the system more onerous by stricter supervision of offenders' work, and by the imposition of a minimum number of hours of tough physical work, characterised as "hard labour" in some press reports. It has also been suggested that offenders should be visible to the public when they are carrying out their punishments, a proposal which could be stigmatising in effect.

These Home Office initiatives reflect an underlying dilemma for Mr Hurd, which stems from two key features of government policy: a reduction in public spending, and a tough law and order policy. These represent two contrasting views of the proper role of the state: the minimal state, cutting back on the government's role in social and economic affairs, and the strong state, asserting authority and central control in many areas, including crime. In practice, the government is trying to pursue both policies at once, by building new prisons and by trying to encourage the courts to use sentences other than imprisonment. The problem with building new prisons is that more places tends to result in more prison sentences. Research in America shows that states which built more prisons increased their prison populations, while those with fewer prisons actually reduced the numbers of people in prison to even lower levels (Zander, *New Society* 13.12.79).

The problem with promoting alternatives to prison is a political one, in that non-custodial sentences are typically seen by the political right as being soft options. Judge James Pickles, for example, recently said that courts which avoided prison sentences were acting as "social agencies to help defendants". It is this kind of view that Mr Patten may be hoping to mollify by talk of "hard labour" in community service orders.

Finally, when discussing policies aimed at reducing the prison population, it should be remembered that most prisoners have not been convicted of crimes of violence and that the largest increase in the inmate population has come from those sentenced to six months or less. Given what is known about rates of reoffending after a prison sentence, this policy of sending people to prison for the less serious offences would seem to be of questionable wisdom. Perhaps it is the symbolic importance of prison rather than its effect that is the key factor.

Discussion topic

Using the official statistics published in "Social Trends", try to establish whether there is any connection between sentencing practices and crime statistics.

K.Pease, *Community Service by Order* (Scottish Academic Press 1980)
M.Fitzgerald and J. Sim, *Delivering Justice—the Prisons* (Open University 1987)

Society Today is New Statesman and Society's weekly termtime page designed for A level and other sociology students.

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When east meets west

VIDEO NIGHT IN KATHMANDU: AND OTHER REPORTS FROM THE NOT-SO-FAR EAST
Pico Iyer
Bloomsbury £14.95

Ian Jack

Melanie Friend/Format

Rambo-mania hit Asia in 1985, at pretty much the same time as the rest of the world. Everywhere Pico Iyer went that year—Java, Thailand, Manila, Hong Kong—there was scarcely a video hut or an old-fashioned picture palace without a clamorous queue to see the all-American mercenary rewriting history and slaughtering people very like themselves. In China, a million people had seen the famous pectorals and crooked mouth in action within a week of their first appearance in Beijing. In Bombay, film producers immediately raised the cash for five separate Indian remakes.

Only a decade before, the United States crawled out of Vietnam. Now a fictional film that revised that defeat succeeded where the American military had failed, and conquered most of the continent.

Iyer starts with this paradox and then sets out to explore the wider (sometimes odder) effects of what he calls pop-cultural imperialism in east and south Asia, where videos and tourism propagate the American way of life in a way that General Motors and the *Reader's Digest* never quite managed. That the Philippines throb to the sound of Madonna and Springsteen comes as no surprise; but who could have expected—and who can't be slightly saddened by—the swift eruption of Bob Marley and Yakburgers in Tibet? These are surely Lost Horizons lost in a new and final sense.

The more Iyer travels, the more bar-girls, rickshaw wallahs and other aspiring occidentals he befriends, the more difficult it becomes to resist Arthur Koestler's prediction of a world accelerating towards a uniform, mechanised, stereotyped culture—a form of cultural mass suicide. But Iyer himself isn't so sure. Societies such as India, China and Japan are strong enough (and big enough) to tame western influence and subvert it to their own ends. And in any case: "In place of physical imperialism we often assert a kind of sentimental colonialism that would replace Rambo myths with Sambo myths and conclude that because the First World feels guilty, the Third World must be innocent." The developing world may have good reason to assent in its own transformation: "Often what we call corruption, they may be inclined to call progress or profit."

This is a comforting thought, albeit familiar. But it comes a cropper in Kathmandu, where Iyer has gone hoping to find the sixties he is too young to remember preserved in a cloud of mantras and hash smoke. Instead he discovers a Himalayan enclave of yuppiedom. New fashions have replaced the freaks. Money, for example. Eavesdropping on the conversations of his fellow travellers he hears the words "software", "Tacoma", and "Volvo" as clearly as a cash register, and concludes that Nepal's great skill lies in "mirroring western ways and keeping up with western times."

The question is: to whose benefit? Until 1955 Nepal was a closed country. The first international flight didn't touch down there until the year before man landed on the moon. Today it welcomes 250,000 tourists a year to trekking

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centres and apple-pie parlours, and other western contagions, such as 15,000 heroin addicts. And yet, as Iyer reports, over the past 20 years the country's per capita income has actually fallen.

Three quarters of the world's population lives in Asia, and it would be foolish to decide that Nepal's experience in any way represents an unhappy paradigm of the east's encounter with the west. In fact, Iyer finds a different story which reflects a different experience in every country he visits.

Burma, for instance, which has shunned the progressive/corrupting touch of the west for decades, provides one of the most touching passages in the book. A trio of Burmese youths show the author some Michael Jackson dance-steps and then take him for a ride in an old hand-cranked Ferris wheel. "Please do not think badly of us," says one of them, apologising for the Edwardian dilapidation of Rangoon. "Please understand; we are pure."

In dryer European hands it is easy to see how the same episode might have emerged. It's never hard, as Iyer writes, to find "silliness and self-delusion" on both sides when east meets west.

But one of the most refreshing things about this book is its tone of compassionate optimism, as Iyer obeys his own dictum: that though "the romance with the foreign must certainly be leavened with a spirit of keen and unillusioned realism", it must also be witnessed with "a measure of faith." As a guide he is vivid, thoughtful and humorous, with an energy and decency—not to mention a familiarity with pop and rock—to which a certain school of English travel-writing rarely stoops.

It may be that America has supplied these qualities. Iyer was born in England of high-caste south Indian parents and went to Eton, Oxford and Harvard—a Brahmin, you might say, on three continents. But the fluidity and openness of his chosen homes, in Manhattan and California, seem to have rubbed away any vestiges of Brahminical fastidiousness.

With this virtue comes a fault. Reading about his journey you have no need to be told that Iyer works for *Time* magazine—the only surprise is that he isn't scripting Alan Whicker's credit-card commercials on his days off. Of Hong Kong, for example: "This was where corporate cowboys came to lasso their futures, where fortune hunters flocked to pan for gold." Or: "Hong Kong was still officially the Crown Colony, but the crown was slipping off and the colony was slipping away." Or again: "And where anything goes, everybody goes, to be somebody."

Too much of this assertive glibness leads to questions about his judgment, and eventually about his conclusions. Back home in Manhattan, Iyer sees Korean greengrocers and Thai restaurants and ponders a new theory: that the colonised have become the colonisers. He backs this up with evidence drawn from a recent trip to Britain, where he found "samosas filling the sandwich bars" and "West Indian sitcoms crowding the airwaves."

Samosas, certainly. But a plethora of West Indian sitcoms? I wonder which British airwaves those could have been.

The world well lost

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CHOLERA
Gabriel Garcia Marquez
Jonathan Cape £11.95

Jenny Diski

There are those who know the world for what it is and endure it by living the life of the possible; and those who commit themselves to the impossible, a different kind of endurance that reshapes the facts of the world into their singular, private dream. Call one political realism and the other romantic escapism and you have defined the peculiar tension that keeps the sometimes sprawling, sometimes banal narrative of *Love in the Time of Cholera* alive.

Dr Juvenal Urbino knows the world. He returns from his studies in a sophisticated and informed Europe to his home, a fictionalised city on the Latin American coast, where cholera and perpetual civil war threaten devastation. He comes to practical terms with reality: "This was his world, he said to himself, the sad, oppressive world that God had provided for him, and he was responsible to it."

Florentino Ariza's mother is another of his kind. Faced with her son's demented adolescent love, she tends his fever and delirium, but tells him: "Take advantage of it now, while you are young, and suffer all you can...because these things don't last your whole life."

She is wrong, at least in so far as her son is concerned. He does not recover from the passion whose symptoms are identical to the cholera. The madness of his secret, epistolatory affair with Fermina Daza—he eats gardenias, drinks cologne and lies happily in the resulting fragrant vomit—is transformed, when he is suddenly rejected, into a life's work.

The novel oscillates between Florentino Ariza's 50 year vigil and the ambiguous satisfactions of the long and practical marriage of Fermina Daza and Dr Juvenal Urbino. The cholera, however, is an ever-present, though submerged, reality.

Cholera may look like love but it is also the disease of the real world, the undercurrent of threat and violence with which Marquez underpins the dream world of individual lives. Corpses lie everywhere, and cholera is the official or assumed explanation, though some bodies are to be seen mysteriously marked with a *coup de grâce* to the back of the neck. Reality is a landscape of death and internecine strife that the characters pass through and remain untouched by, living to a ripe old age, cocooned from the ravages of the world by the enchantment of their individual stories.

The problem of writing suffuses the novel. Florentino Ariza, trying to use up his unwanted love, writes impassioned letters for others, but cannot write a simple business letter, though his career depends on it. His commitment to romantic obsession parallels the choice of focus the novelist must make between the passion of the individual soul and the life of the world.

Florentino Ariza reads everything, the best and the worst, but cannot distinguish good literature from pulp romance. Marquez, treading a delicate line, tries to find the good within the pulp, acknowledging its power and excavating for a common source. It doesn't always work, at times the truths he offers of the human heart are no more than irritating truisms. There are moments when the genre he is using revolts and takes control, demanding to be no more than what it seems to be.

Love triumphs, as the form demands, but there is a final interplay between love and the world. Time and mortality transmute love and make it a workable reality. Death removes obstacles and Florentino Ariza discovers in old age a more measured prose with which he wins the object of his desire. Cholera emerges again, but this time pressed by the dreamer into the service of the dream to provide for the octogenarian lovers an eternal idyll, and to keep the world at bay. Isolation is the price that is paid for the dream, but the world, as Marquez represents it, is well lost.

Child torture

CHILDREN OF RESISTANCE: ON CHILDREN, REPRESSION AND THE LAW IN APARTHEID SOUTH AFRICA
Victoria Brittain and Abdul S. Minty (editors)
Kliptown Books £5
HIDDEN LIVES, HIDDEN DEATHS: SOUTH AFRICA'S CRIPPLING OF A CONTINENT
Victoria Brittain
Faber £9.95

Suzanne Cronje

The extraordinary fury with which the South African government has reacted to the recent screening by the BBC of *Suffer the Children* suggests that Pretoria is very seriously concerned about the documentary's impact.

The film details horrifying incidents of child torture in South Africa's police stations and prisons—"deliberate lies and slanted distortions", according to the South African Minister of Law and Order, Adriaan Vlok. Under Rule 3 of the South African Emergency Regulations, it is illegal to publicise the treatment of detainees; for this and other obvious reasons, the film had to be shot in secret in South Africa. When Vlok asked the BBC why the allegations made in the documentary had not been put to him before its release, he was told, "Quite frankly, the BBC does not believe the South African government"—a degree of frankness to which Pretoria is not accustomed from the British establishment.

Children of Resistance contains much of the evidence used in the documentary, together with contributions from experts on the legal, medical, educational and political aspects of child torture. The bulk of the material was presented

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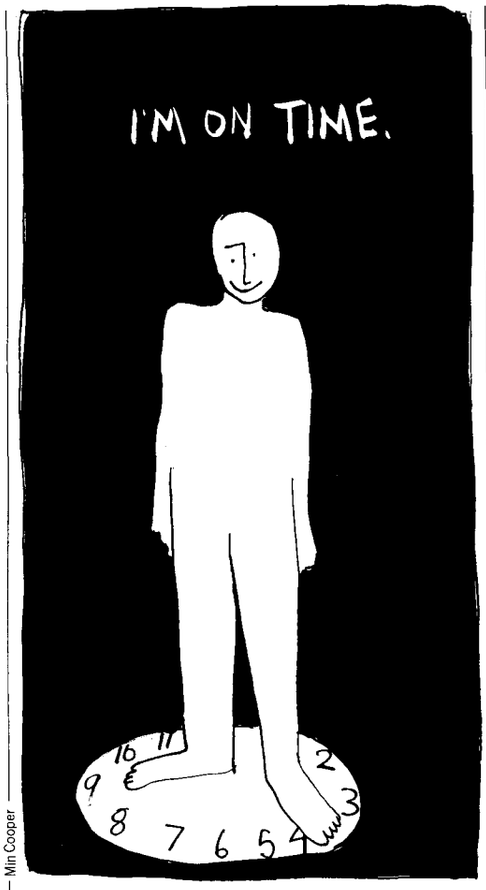
to the International Conference on Children, Repression and the Law in South Africa, held in Harare in September 1987. Of particular importance are the extracts from the testimony of child victims, some as young as 12, which is starkly convincing. Beatings, electric shocks, mock executions and other forms of torture seem to have become part of the South African police routine.

The children also stated that their parents had been refused access to them while they were in detention, a fact which is interesting in the light of what Vlok had to say on the subject a few days ago: "Those who are still in detention are being held under the best possible conditions... Their parents and legal advisers have regular access to them; they receive the best medical care; are regularly visited by judges, district surgeons and senior officers."

The importance of *Children of Resistance* is that it provides the evidence with which to confront such distortions. In *Hidden Lives, Hidden Deaths* Victoria Brittain (co-editor of *Children of Resistance*) views the Harare conference in the wider context of the anti-apartheid struggle.

This book is an overview of South Africa's destabilisation of the sub-Saharan continent. It is most interesting where it exposes the collaboration between anti-communist organisations in the west and the white minority government in South Africa. For instance, the right-wing International Society for Human Rights (ISHR), which is currently engaged in a propaganda war against the Namibian liberation movement, SWAPO, has antecedents which go back to the Narodno-Trudowo Sojus (NTS), an organisation founded by Russian emigres in the 1930s to oppose the Russian revolution through terrorism. The value of the book would have been enhanced had it contained references to source material on such fascinating but little-known facts.



Min Cooper

Timebends

THE METRONOMIC SOCIETY: NATURAL RHYTHMS AND HUMAN TIMETABLES
Michael Young
Thames & Hudson £16.95

Anthony Giddens

Time, like sex and death, lends itself to the profound and the whimsical. In his celebrated reflections about the nature of time, St Augustine pointed out two distinct sides of the phenomenon. We have no problem handling time in the course of our day-to-day lives; nothing is more familiar and central to our everyday experience than our awareness of the passing of time. Yet when confronted on a philosophical level, time appears ineffable.

The question, "what is time?" is one of the most perennial and puzzling issues in the history of philosophy. As we live out our lives from day to day, time seems to have a flow, a direction. But how valid is this feeling? If time does have directionality, can it ever go backwards? The past seems to be behind us and the future in front. But how can this make any sense when it seems that only the present instant actually exists? How can we even speak of "the present instant", when the saying or writing of these words already presumes an elapse of time?

Michael Young's new book is fully alert to these philosophical puzzles. His main concern, however, is to point out that whereas time has loomed large in the philosophical literature, social scientists have paid much less attention to the issue. Young's work, which crackles with wit and insight, is an attempt to remedy this shortcoming. It is about our experience of time, but more particularly concentrates upon how temporal rhythms are built into social institutions. Our modes of organising ourselves in time, Young stresses, help structure, yet are also structured by, the basic institutions of the societies in which we live.

Young rejects the notion that time should be understood primarily in a directional, or linear fashion. Rather, he concentrates upon the cyclical character of time. Cyclical aspects of time are to be found in the repetitions of days, months and years; in the re-enactment of ceremonials; and in the mundane routines which people follow in the course of their lives.

Much of the book is preoccupied with the cyclical rhythms of social life, though there is a chapter on social evolution. The rhythms of social activity, Young argues, parallel cycles in nature and, indeed, are in some part founded upon genetic dispositions built into human biological make-up. In Young's view, some of the most basic aspects of human society can be understood in terms of looking at how and why recurrent cycles of activity occur.

Consider, for example, the patterns of our day-to-day lives. Most of us get up at about the same time every day, or at least every weekday; we eat breakfast, lunch and dinner at about the same time every day; brush our teeth after breakfast each morning and before going to bed at night, and so forth. Repetitive routines give much of our conduct the shape it has, not just from day to day, but from week to week and year to year.

What accounts for the importance of cyclical routines in our lives? Three factors are involved, Michael Young suggests. First, there are biological rhythms which form part of our physiology, such as the need for regular sleep. Secondly, there is the force of habit, which exerts a strong compulsion over what we do. Thirdly, there are socially instituted cycles of activity, such as those involved in the timetables of organisations. The timetable of a school, for instance, fixes what is done, when, and by whom. Young puts a great deal of emphasis upon habit as the means whereby the needs of the body are correlated to the requirements of social timetables.

Since habit is so ingrained in human life, there is obviously something of a problem in explaining why societies change. Part of the explanation, according to the author, is that habit is not simply conservative, but by its very routine character frees us for innovation. Processes of change are therefore to some degree built into even the most custom-bound forms of social existence. Institutions evolve over time as human beings learn more about their environment and themselves and through the development of science and technology.

In the modern era, these changes have very substantially altered the timetables by which we live. For instance, the night time is a "territory" of time which is becoming increasingly colonised, with more and more services and recreational facilities being offered. The structuring of habit in terms of the alternation of day and night, for the first time in human history, is considerably undermined by this development. We need in fact, Young concludes, to reverse social evolution to some degree if we are to bring the cycles of our social activity back into line with the biological rhythms of the body.

This is a charming and instructive book, but I do have some reservations about the author's arguments. The book is written in somewhat anecdotal fashion, which makes it interesting and easy to read, but possibly a certain amount of precision has thereby been sacrificed. I am not really persuaded by the author's supposition that there are genetic mechanisms underlying our habitual modes of behaviour. I do not myself think that human societies evolve in a parallel way to biological species, and I did not find Young's attempt to reconcile his strong emphasis upon habit with an equal stress upon change too convincing. But I do agree with the conclusion that some of the most important moral questions which face us in the contemporary world are bound up with attitudes towards time and towards our own human finitude.

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In the land of Oz

BLACK BOX
Amos Oz, translated by Nicholas de Lange and the author
Chatto & Windus £11.95

Sean French

Who would have thought that Amos Oz, Israel's finest novelist, would write an epistolary novel? When Richardson, Rousseau and Laclos wrote their novels it seemed natural to use letters from one character to another as the sole narrative device. But by the end of the 18th century the technique was almost universally abandoned and the invention of the telegraph and the telephone killed it almost stone dead.

As *Black Box* shows, however, there is still some life there. For his outstanding work of non-fiction, *In the Land of Israel*, Oz travelled through the country talking to various representative figures, both Arabs and Jews of various political persuasions. The book was not a synthesis but a clash of different voices, one of which happened to be that of Amos Oz.

Now Oz has clearly decided that an honest Israeli novel must preserve this clash. The third-person narrative is always to some extent a synthesis, but by its very nature the epistolary form allows all the characters to appear in their own voice. *Black Box* has the vitality of a good knockabout argument.

The novel takes place in 1976. Ilana is married to Michel Sommo, a Jewish religious extremist. The story begins as she writes to her first husband, Alex Gideon, asking for help with their delinquent son, Boaz. Alex is in every way the opposite of Michel. Once an Israeli military hero, he has become an internationally celebrated academic, author of a book called *The Desperate Violence: a study in comparative fanaticism*. He now lives in Chicago in a state of emotional isolation.

The Gideon marriage had ended acrimoniously. Only in these letters do Alex and Iliona finally face up to what happened: "As after a plane crash, we have sat down and analysed, by correspondence, the contents of the black box. And from now on, in the words of our decree, we have no further demands on each other."

Gideon is wrong. It is now that their real relationship begins. With much emotional, financial and legal wrangling, bonds of a kind are restored.

The epistolary form is taxing for a novelist. Oz deftly captures a variety of attitudes from the dry cerebrations of Alex to the enthusiastic misspellings of Boaz. But there is an inescapable problem with this book—in the age of the phone these ten-page letters exchanged among this rather unliterary group cannot help but tax the reader's credulity.

This implausibility is a small price to pay for Oz's generosity towards his characters. At first the reader expects Alex's views—which coincide with those of Oz—to be used to score off Michel, but this is far from the author's purpose. The political argument of the book, such as it is, is expressed by the form. This clash of voices is what Israel is and should be. Oz's only disagreement is with those who believe that the country should speak with one voice, for one religious group.

This is a book with many ideas and much political discussion but in the end these are not what the book is about. The crucial character is Boaz, for whom writing means very little. He is fiercely patriotic but has no interest in questions of race or religion. As a character, he is offered a little too obviously as a symbol for our approval. But if this is an minor aesthetic failure, it is a substantial moral success and something to be very grateful for.

Days of LSD and roses

STORMING HEAVEN: LSD AND THE AMERICAN DREAM
Jay Stevens
Heinemann £14.95

David Widgery

Amid the current narcomania in the United States, LSD is being rehabilitated. A society which has had to accept that Rock Hudson died of AIDS is now presumed to be able to cope with the fact that Cary Grant was an acidhead. With the once reviled beat writers now recognised as central figures in modern American literature, LSD experimenters are next for assimilation.

Indeed, at a safe distance, they now seem more benign, more heroically all-American and certainly more middle class than authors of the "alien" cocaine and heroin epidemics. The success of Jay Stevens's social history of the psychedelic drugs in America reflects this process as much as the book's intrinsic merits.

It is, in fact, a remarkably fluent and intelligent book which succeeds in linking the world of analytic chemistry to that of academic psychology and thence the literary avant-garde. It was writers like Ginsberg, Watts and, above all, Aldous Huxley who first sensed that the drug's extraordinarily powerful disinhibitory effect would be a weapon against the social condition of a regimented society hung up on anti-communism and taking tranquillisers and sedatives by the ton.

The still underestimated Huxley went further in proposing the generic name of "phanerothyme", meaning to make the soul visible, which suggested a specifically religious dimension to the drug as well as a general solvent of conceptual sludge but the English psychiatrist, Humphrey Osmond's "psychedelic" was preferred.

Storming Heaven cites many first-hand accounts of an experience which is inherently indescribable. Perhaps the most succinct was provided by Sandoz, the first commercial manufacturers who suggested LSD could "elicit release of repressed material and provide mental relaxation", one of the great understatements of the 20th century.

Small wonder the burgeoning and Balkanised world of academic psychology were excited as initial interest in LSD as a psychotomimetic moved on to its use as a treatment (notably on hard-core alcoholics in Osmond's unit in Saskatchewan) and then spilt over to subvert the researchers and their own students. Stevens is excellent on the scientific infighting among the Harvard psychologists and the defection of Timothy Leary and Co, first to Zihuatanejo in Mexico, then to Dominica and finally to Millbrook in upstate New York. Small wonder the CIA was hot on the trail.

And small wonder that the accomplished hedonists, mystics and post-beatnik sansculottes on the West Coast who were to become Merry Pranksters and the hippies were enchanted. It is impossible not to be enthralled by the zeal with which the early advocates advanced their cause, not to admire the guts and ingenuity of the acid chemists who began mass manufacture on the West Coast and not to be appalled by the hucksterism of the store-front Socrates's and magic showmen who prospered in Haight Ashbery's existential vaudeville.

The book is synthetic rather than wholly original and benefits from the fact that participants, right down to Freewheeling Frank, the

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Allen Ginsberg 1967/Lisa Law

Hell's Angel, and the narc who busted Millbrook have all written their autobiographies. Indeed, Leary has written no fewer than three. And since Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, the Kerouac/Cassidy/Kesey connection has been done to death. So the book, compulsive as it is, runs out of gas rather abruptly.

Like Randy Shilts's AIDS saga, it suffers inevitably in dealing only with the American aspects of an international phenomenon. Ronnie Laing's influential *Bird of Paradise* doesn't get a mention nor Operation Julie, that epic of English narrowmindedness. And it is cursory and unthinking about conflicts and sympathies between acid and the left.

The business of exploring the brain is inherently worthwhile and anything that helps in this deserves respect. Stevens confirms Leary's old point that LSD is a great deal less dangerous than alcohol and tobacco and proves that much anti-LSD propaganda was invented by the CIA. Nor did its users form "a cultural broth for fascism" as the poet Karl Shapiro feared. But the world isn't changed by mental effort alone and the heads who thought they were thinking America into a new era couldn't have been more wrong. Of Leary's many predictions, perhaps the most chillingly wrong was his 1967 prophecy that America will "be an LSD country within 15 years". Instead they got crack, heroin and Reagan.

What men and women want

THE MEN'S ROOM
Ann Oakley
Virago £11.95

Anthony Thwaite

"Life as a sociologist was really hard when you thought hard about it." Thus Charity, the central person in Ann Oakley's first novel. There is quite a lot of hard thinking in the book, and some soft thinking, and a certain amount of sociology on the way.

The received legend is that *The History Man* (1975) was misinterpreted by Mrs Thatcher and her followers so that the sociology departments of the nation's universities were made to suffer in a way from which even now they have not recovered. Malcolm Bradbury stood back with clinical detachment from his Howard Kirk. Ann Oakley writes feelingly of her Charity Walton. One wonders what effect *The Men's Room* will have, if any.

The book covers 20 years, 1980-2000, in Charity's life: professional academic sociologist, wife, mother of four. The Britain in which she lives is sketched in by Ann Oakley with broad journalistic strokes: for example, "By the end of 1980 Thatcherism had really begun to get a hold on the quality of life in Britain, causing the beginnings of a structural collapse in the welfare state." The sociological-historical element is grafted directly on to the storytelling: "At the advanced age of 33 Charity Walton became a feminist."

The chapter headings, from Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex*, are evidently meant to be an ironical counterpoint to the story; but Ann Oakley's narrative method is often similarly thesis-like: "At the same point in her life when she had started to call herself a feminist, she had made herself peculiarly the object of male power ...Only with women could true advances be made. So the only really correct path was lesbianism."

All this may make *The Men's Room* sound like a didactic or polemical work rather than a novel. Indeed, the most quotable bits are the ones which seem to expect the injunction, "Discuss". But what keeps one reading is Ann Oakley's straightforward, even naive narrative skill, her ability to make one want to know what happens next. She has also lavished some care on the successive descriptions of erotic heterosexual encounters, and shows as much skill as Erika Jong and rather more than Jackie Collins. In this sense, *The Men's Room* is a guide to what both men and women want, and Ann Oakley has been careful to vary both the behaviour and the viewpoint. For example, Charity's response to a bit of bondage is allowed to happen without too much overt authorial brooding about how a convinced feminist could actually enjoy such treatment.

The bondage is only one of the invasions of Charity's body space (not a phrase she uses) perpetrated by Mark Carleton, her head of department. It would be old-fashioned to say that Charity, as far as Mark is concerned, is woman wailing for her demon lover; but it often seems like that.

Meanwhile, both Charity and Mark are separately intent on their professional work. They read a lot, and we are told about it: "In 1982 Mark read Nancy Chodorow's book, *The Reproduction of Mothering: psychoanalysis and the sociology of gender*. This enabled him to understand for the first time why men fall in love with women and why women want to have children." But their work and their reading seem to go on in the interstices of their lives, which are dominated by their tortuously on-off affair, and by the latest complications in their vibrant, complex and depressing emotional states.

If I seem to have suggested that *The Men's Room* often struck me as absurd, that's fair enough. But it would be fair, too, to say that I have never read a book quite like it, and that is some sort of distinction. Whether you take it as a feminist novel of ideas or as an adept sociologist's Mills & Boon, it equally provokes.

Necessary egotism

THE SCHOOL OF GENIUS
Anthony Storr
Deutsch £12.95

Eric Rhode

Anthony Storr is impressed by Jung's belief in the existence of a mid-life crisis in which (after a time of family- and career-building perhaps) the self needs to deepen its understanding of its own individuality by turning away from "mundane goals" to the cultivation of its own "interior garden". There is a loss of faith in the capacity to develop through love, friendship or community endeavour, and a turning to acts of self-making: usually a cultivation of the arts in the service of self-discovery.

A man should rejoice in his own works, Storr states, quoting *Ecclesiastes*; and making yourself is a form of such work. "The artist and philosopher is able to mature primarily on his own. His passage through life is defined by the changing nature and increasing maturity of his work, rather than by his relation to others."

Is this a progress or a retreat? People who are passionately committed to other people tend to remain committed, however many mid-life crises they might pass through. They tend not to worry whether they are being creative or not. (Taking a daily pulse on your creativity is a form of hypochondria.) People whose imaginations aren't primarily fired by other human beings are more liable to slip away into books, pigeon-fancying, string quartets and other forms of private gardening. The belief that the second

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type of person is less admirable than the first is not one that Storr investigates.

He rebukes John Bowlby, whom he otherwise respects, for having asserted (in a moment of uncharacteristic illiteracy) that intimate relations are the hub around which a person's life revolves. Not *the* hub, Storr asserts, *a* hub. Bowlby is being an unthinking Freudian on this point, and Freud (Storr thinks) tended to restrict psychoanalytic investigation to the fairly young, on the grounds that you could not bring about changes in the over-fifties.

The point is not to change but to integrate. If you want to understand the dilemmas of middle age, turn to Jung; and, going further, Storr suggests that all forms of therapy at present are haunted by a mindless group belief in marriage and procreation as necessary stages in the growth of mind—a view very different from Wordsworth's picture of poetic development in *The Prelude*. Egotism is often a necessary bulwark: many individuals develop most freely in solitude and retreat—Kant, Wittgenstein and deaf Beethoven being Storr's examplars. Some of our more creative moments occur in dreams, in which we are on our own, or in the processes of mourning.

Show me a man's interest and I'll show you the man, Storr proposes, quilting together many attractive quotations from other people's books and taking delight in his own well-stocked library. He does not allude to friends' experiences, nor tighten the argument by giving precise clinical information concerning the loners or groupies he must have come to know well during the years before his retirement from psychotherapy. The people he refers to are usually the dead great or those living in far-away countries who have endured the isolation of the concentration camp and survived the ordeal by uncovering inner resources.

Four types of health story

DOCTORING THE MEDIA: THE REPORTING OF HEALTH AND MEDICINE
Anne Karpf
Routledge £7.95

Dorothy Wade

At the centre of Anne Karpf's survey of health and medical reporting stands an affable, though rather smug, white male doctor. His earliest incarnation is the Radio Doctor of the forties, Charles Hill. This reassuring figure earnestly persuaded housewives of the virtues of using dandelion leaves in salad throughout the wartime years.

Then, in the late fifties, when the series *Your Life in Their Hands* began, the doctor became the hero of televised battles to save lives through heart operations or sophisticated micro surgery. In all his guises, the medical expert has wielded enormous influence over the reporting of health in the media.

For Karpf this dominance is not altogether a good thing. Her book—which is well argued, though perhaps a little glib at times—concludes that the media's treatment of health is hidebound by its automatic subscription to the doctor's point of view. In a brisk manner, which would dismay many television producers convinced of their own originality, she boils all media health stories down to four basic categories: the medical, consumer, self-help and environmental approaches.

Of these, the medical approach rules supreme. Focusing on disease and its cures, the operating theatre, the drip and the ambulance are the stuff of this high drama, high-tech world. Here the doctor is lord in his own fiefdom. Health is equated with medicine. Biology is more important than psychology or sociology. Patients are largely passive.

In the consumer programmes which became popular in the seventies, the patient comes to the fore. The doctor-patient relationship is seen through the latter's eyes and a harsh light is shed on the doctor's use and misuse of power. High points such as *Horizon*'s "A Time to be Born", which challenged the widespread practice of inducing births for such reasons as the doctors' convenience, created a furore.

Hand-in-hand with the notion that doctors were only human beings whose decisions could be questioned, went the growing fad for fitness, which produced Karpf's third category, the "look-after-yourself" programme. Admonishing viewers to trace their illnesses back to unhealthy eating, smoking, drinking and lack of exercise, these programmes—to Karpf—are examples of "punitive individualism". She goes on to draw some rather tenuous parallels between the ideology of self-reliance in "Thatcher's Britain", DIY health care and health service cuts.

I was fascinated to discover that jogging and wholemeal bread are not new health obsessions. As early as 1927, radio talks were dominated by exhortations to keep fit and eat a well-balanced diet. Listeners responded enthusiastically and in 1935, the "BBC-reared baby", Gerald Addyman, brought up strictly according to radio health tips, hit the headlines.

Karpf's main complaint against the health and fitness lobby is that it puts all the blame on the individual and, like medical and consumer programmes, tends to ignore the social and environmental causes of sickness. If there was a golden age of health reporting for Karpf, it must have been the 1930s when a few bold BBC journalists made programmes revealing the links between poverty and ill-health and confronting problems such as the inadequate diet and poor housing of the working class. Today such programmes are few and far between. They owe their survival not to routine medical coverage, but to current affairs series, such as *World in Action*, which have a commitment to unearthing scandals. Karpf ends on the pessimistic note that medical journalists enjoy too cosy a relationship with the medical establishment ever to smash the mould, and that the "media will continue to be doctored".

Unlucky Dick

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO GLOOMY GUS OF THE CHICAGO BEARS?
Robert Coover
Heinemann £9.95

Christopher Walker

In his most notorious novel, *The Public Burning* (1977), Robert Coover has the recently humiliated Richard Nixon debagged in Times Square and sodomised by Uncle Sam; in this offshoot from that massive book he again takes liberties with the unlucky Dick.

With *Whatever Happened to Gloomy Gus of the Chicago Bears?* Coover takes us back to Nixon's football playing days and proposes what might have happened had he gone on to become a national sporting hero instead of an impeached President.

As in *The Public Burning*, where Nixon develops a fascination with the Rosenberg atom-spies, the story focuses on the unlikely meeting of opposing ideologies, only this time the perspective is reversed, with Nixon being examined through the eyes of the political outsiders.

The narrator is a Russian Jew named Meyer, an artist and "lyrical socialist" who relates how, for a short time, Gus became part of his circle of intellectuals and radicals and it is this clash of archetypes which intrigues Meyer and shapes Robert Coover's fable.

Against a background of left-wing struggle (the labour marches of 1930s Chicago and the civil war in Spain) Gus appears as a caricature of the authoritarian personality. Coover takes the logic of American individualism and exaggerates it to the point where the man of action becomes an automaton.

Nixon's famous lack of self-knowledge turns into a total abdication of all reflective thought: "He had what I can only describe as a short-circuited stimulus-response system in which everything operated on the knee-jerk principle." He has no imagination and no memory: "Gus not only lacked political awareness, he lacked awareness of any kind."

A complete technician, Gus reduces the American male ideal to its simplest form: ball-catching robot on the football field, "pure hard-on" in the bedroom. While Meyer and his friends discuss dialectics and revolutionary strategy, Gus endlessly rehearses his scoring. He has tackling work-outs and kissing work-outs, locker-room butt-slapping work-outs and getting-an-erection work-outs. Eventually, the machine overloads, tackling furniture, punching girlfriends, ejaculating in line-outs.

Persuaded to join a demonstration march, Gus mistakes a gas grenade for a football, catches it, runs through a line of policemen, scores touchdown, raises his arms in a victory V and is shot in the back. It is another ignominious end for Nixon. At his expense Coover reveals "the inherent contradictions in the American dream" in a book which is both touching and hilariously funny.

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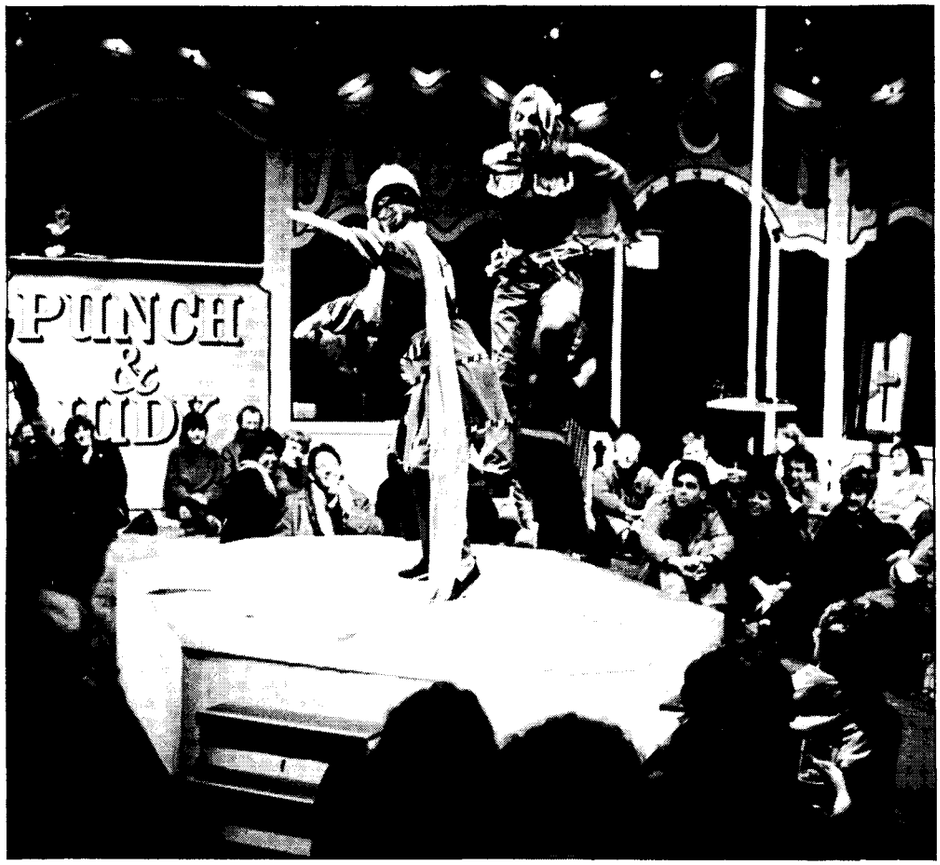

7:84's "All the Fun of the Fair": encouraging the audiences to participate

Theatre

Avoiding making drama out of a crisis

Albert Hunt on how the experience of Thatcherism has worked its way through into the kind of theatre being produced in the late 1980s.

Two years ago, when theatre director, Graham Watts, was working for the Royal Shakespeare Company, he was involved in a project with young writers. Young people from the Midlands were invited to submit scripts for workshops at Stratford-on-Avon. More than a hundred scripts came in.

Nearly all of them were written for two or three actors and took place in a domestic setting. They were all about personal relationships. If social problems were referred to, they were seen as given and unchangeable. Unemployment was seen as a natural fact of life. A young Asian girl, who wrote about growing up in Leicester, saw racism as one more of the inevitable discomforts encountered in adolescence. None of the scripts offered any critique of the society in which their young authors had grown up. And none of the writers could, apparently, imagine a form of theatre which wasn't confined to a living room.

It's not surprising that young people wanting to break into theatre should think in terms of a naturalist drama of personal relationships. The form of British drama they live with is the soap opera. We are living through a period dominated by the cult of the private life, and *Brookside* (all of human life is there behind the suburban fronts) was made for Thatcherland. Moreover, these young people are the children of the new realism. They are coming of age at a time when the guardians of artistic value at the Arts Council talk of art as "product", of grants as "investments", and see success in terms of "managerial efficiency". Who, in such a climate, would dream of trying to write a play for twenty actors?

The answer turns out to be a number of older, established writers who are challenging what has become the highly limited prevailing forms of drama.

John McGrath has been savaged economically in recent years. The Arts Council wiped out the grant of his 7.84 company in England, and his tours of the Highlands of Scotland are at present under threat. His response is to move increasingly towards a form of theatre that physically engages the audience. Thatcherism, he says, encourages us all to behave like passive victims. He wants a theatre that encourages activity. The last flourish of the English 7.84 turned the Half Moon theatre into a fairground. There were fairground booths round the walls with stages on which scenes were performed. The audience was in the centre, but there was also a playing area in the middle, with a programmed cartwheel of lights. The form was reminiscent of Mnouchkine's *1789*, (created in Paris after the 1968 events), but the contest consisted of scenes from 1980s England—there was a Wall of Death scene in which all that kept a salesman from crashing was the speed at which he moved.

John McGrath's next show, *Border Warfare*, will involve another form of audience engagement, with England at one end of the theatre, Scotland at the other and a pulpit for John Knox in the middle. As the rival armies advance towards each other, the audience will find themselves in the battlefield.

Barry Collins (who once wrote a long, one-man political play, *Judgment*) has recently been writing for television. But the RSC has asked him for a large-scale political play. He finds the request challenging, because there seems to him to be no way of tackling the Government head on. One reason for this, he believes, is the collapse in Britain of satire as a meaningful weapon. When people can, apparently, say what they like in any language they choose on late night TV, and be paid handsomely for the privilege, satire is incorporated—it becomes part of the Thatcher Show. Collins says he's looking for a past incident that encapsulates present dilemmas. He's currently obsessed with the man who ran Treblinka and Solibar. He was a respectable German policeman who found himself directly responsible for the two most murderous death camps in history. He had to learn to see the people he was exterminating as insects. He dressed up in a white suit and rode a white horse to the camps, amongst the black uniforms of the SS. Here is an extreme image of a society in which individuals distance themselves from their own actions.

Howard Barker, too, rejects satire. He calls it "a broken reed". You can't satirise the present government, he says, because there are no false

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pretences—the Prime Minister openly proclaims "authoritarian morality". Barker says he wants to put the moral responsibility back on the audience. Thatcher isn't somewhere out there, separate from us. We belong to the society that has put her where she is. Barker's current project for the RSC is *Helen of Troy* , a play in epic form. Barker says he's trying to explore the use of sexuality in authoritarianism.

Trevor Griffiths is a playwright who seemed lost to the cinema. But he's planning to return to the National in 1989 with another play about the French Revolution, and he thinks he knows the form it will take. Some years ago he wanted to write about the revolt of the Red Fleet at Kronstadt that was put down by Trotsky. He imagined one of the small groups of revolutionary actors who toured Russia after 1917, bringing the gospel of Bolshevism to the countryside, and he planned to have them fetched up at Kronstadt and being confronted by contradiction. He never wrote the Kronstadt play, but he intends to use the device of the travelling players in his re-creation of the French Revolution—plays within a play.

All these white male writers are working inside clearly defined limits. They are privileged in the sense that they have access to institutions that make their work possible. But they are using their privileges to reassert the theatre's ability to contest prevailing orthodoxies.

I don't think it's any accident that they've all turned to the past. It's one way of escaping from the limiting image of society that Thatcherism tries to impose. I don't think it's an accident that they're talking about open theatricality. Brecht wanted to destroy the theatre of illusion because he wanted his audience to see through the tricks. Thatcherism, McGrath claims, is a con. He wants a form of theatre that will encourage people to see through it.

Perhaps what's most important is that these writers are re-opening possibilities. "When I started writing plays," says Barry Collins, "I thought you could do anything. And at the bottom of my heart I think that's still true." And that implies a liberation from the idea that theatre has to be about what happens between two or three people on stages that represent the privacy of their own homes.

Art

The late early show

Brandon Taylor on late Picasso: an early post-modernist?

Looking at the Tate Gallery's new exhibition **Late Picasso**, one is prompted to ask: what possible interest can Picasso have for us in our culture today? In fact, he occupies a deeply ambiguous position. He is at least three things that do not fit together. He is, on the one hand, a dead artist whose works have passed into history. Secondly, he was a contemporary of every artist who painted a picture or made a sculpture before 1973, the year of his death. That makes him a recent artist, a colleague of Andy Warhol, David Hockney and Joseph Beuys. Thirdly, his immensely long life and his unrivalled position at the centre of every 20th century movement have made him virtually the embodiment of modern art, a totem without whom the rest of modern culture is almost unthinkable.

Wrestling with these three different identities gives rise to several perplexities. The Tate's exhibition begins in 1953, the year of the death of Stalin, and the period of the Korean war, frozen super-power relations and, importantly, the explosion of media forms such as television and film and their progressive intrusion into private domestic space.

How did Picasso respond to, and illuminate these circumstances? In 1953 he was 72 years old. He was enormously wealthy, as well as prodigiously talented. Evidently he was nearing the end of his prolific and in many ways privileged life. His private life was a wreck. A number of legitimate and illegitimate children, the product of a series of broken (but often passionate) relationships, haunted Picasso's past and continued to haunt his present. In that fated year the most recent of his attachments, Francoise Gilot, finally deserted him with the children and fled to Paris, shortly to write a scathing biography that hurt Picasso.

Late Picasso: calling into question the possibility of a personal style?

In artistic terms the period which followed was a contradictory one. Picasso had executed several large works in the cause of international peace, and these had won him recognition as a committed political artist of world stature. But he now veered away from those aims. Working from images by Rembrandt, Delacroix, Ingres, Manet, Degas and several more, he produced dozens of works which quite suddenly placed him in a different relationship to the past: competitive, jealous, though still admiring. Although he had sought from a very early age (before the turn of the century) to unsettle and surpass the masters of the past, he was now no longer content to create a new style and a new image for each occasion. He had to work from another image, another source, another work of art.

This is a fact of tremendous importance. In the later part of his life, the 1960s and early 1970s, Pop artists like Warhol and Lichtenstein, and Richard Hamilton in this country, were beginning to be interested in imagery produced by the consumer societies that were then blossoming—if that is the word—all over the West. It suddenly became problematic for artists to know what to do with style. Style, after all—or styles—had been endlessly multiplying for 40 or 50 years. Even the styles of "primitive" peoples were available for use. In the 1950s and after, film came to represent everything—both the present and the past—in a totally new way. The very possibility of *personal* style, which had lain at the basis of early modernism in art, was suddenly being called into question.

In Picasso's case by the late 1950s he was isolated from his old friends, from his family, from local people, even from the majority of the press, by both fame and by the jealousy with which he and his new wife Jacqueline Rogue guarded his time.

But equally, a vast new range of representations was available to him, through television, through slide projectors, through exhibition catalogues, books, biographies, photographs, that he had never had in such quantity before. *Especially* television. John Richardson has published details of Picasso's viewing habits: old films, wrestling, game shows and the like.

Therefore when we notice a similarity between Picasso's later paintings (such as *The Kiss* and *The Couple*, both from 1969) and a filmic, Hollywood image, the significance of this lies in the fact that it, and the artist, now relate to the world in a different way from before.

This is where the interest and importance of late Picasso lies. Suddenly able, through his vast wealth, to go anywhere and do anything, yet at the same time increasingly privatised within a world of other representations, his work now abuts against that problem which is common to virtually all artists today: how to represent the world, but also how to feel it, and how to think it, in surroundings that increasingly collapse into their own representations.

This problem is part of what we are justified in calling the problem of post-modernism. Picasso did not solve it, but then it may be strictly unsolvable. It is certainly a profoundly difficult cultural task.

It is also one that will not go away. But Picasso started out on this question in its earliest days. The master of the full erection and the rounded breast he may have been. But he may also have known more about post-modernism than we think.

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Paul Hogan: an image of "assured masculinity" apparently untouched by anything that has happened in the past 20 years

Cinema

Natural goodness

Suzanne Moore on the secret of Crocodile Dundee's success.

The star of **Crocodile Dundee 2**, Paul Hogan, must be feeling good about himself. Currently outgrossing *Rambo 3* in the United States, this film is set to make even more than the $300 million made by the original *Crocodile Dundee*.

The first film worked because of the audacity and charm of both its simple story and of the man himself. As Mick Dundee, Hogan played a rough diamond of an Australian bushman uprooted to New York. The best moments of this fish-out-of-water scenario were based on Dundee's ignorance of the realities of urban life; he just doesn't know about mugging, prostitution or how to order food in posh restaurants. But his lack of social etiquette is more than compensated for by his easy-going bonhomie and the basic survival skills he has learnt in the bush.

The phenomenal success of *Crocodile Dundee*—especially in America—cannot be accounted for simply by public demand for an escapist adventure movie. What it did was to provide some of the things that America could no longer provide for itself. In the peculiar way in which comedy articulates collective anxieties, *Crocodile Dundee* was able to both express and diffuse fears about the violence and anonymity of urban life. Through the Mick Dundee character the city was literally humanised: Dundee's spontaneity made Manhattan seem like the friendliest of villages.

More than this, however, it provided a new frontier: the Australian outback, into which Dundee's cowboy image fitted perfectly. It's no surprise that in *Crocodile Dundee 2* he gets mistaken for Clint Eastwood. Implicit in such an image is the kind of assured masculinity that Hogan represents both in the Fosters ads and off-screen.

Stallone and Schwarzenegger's manliness is pumped up by hyper-real proportions until it looks as if it might burst at any second; in contrast, Hogan strolls through his films with a down-to-earth and "essential" maleness, apparently untouched by anything that has happened in the last 20 years. In this world sheilas are sheilas, men are dogs and Mick Dundee is so macho that he has never even heard of homosexuality.

This swaggering chauvinism extends to other matters. In the Fosters commercials, Hogan uses it to debunk both the pretentiousness of modern art and the pretensions of the English middle class. His man-in-the-street appeal hangs precisely on the way he gives voice to certain common-sense assumptions about what is authentic, important and natural. In an uncertain world Hogan, although he is Australian, is able to function as a universal working-class hero for audiences everywhere.

The new movie combines all these elements but goes even further in creating the aura of authenticity around Hogan through exploring the dimension of race. By now Dundee is living with his woman Sue in a plush apartment in Manhattan, and is adjusting to his new life. Sue gets kidnapped by slimy South American drug dealers and the first half of the film is taken up with Dundee's attempts to rescue her.

To help him he enlists the services of Leroy Brown and a gang of street punks. Leroy is a black dude whose streetwise image is actually a con—he is, in fact, a respectable stationery salesman. This joke, while undermining racist assumptions, is double-edged. For if Leroy is not what he seems, blackness can no longer be taken—as it usually is—to represent some ultimate credential of streetwise identity: which leaves this mantle free to fall on Dundee's shoulders.

Throughout the film the jokes (such as they are) revolve around ethnicity. The baddies are sleazy Columbians all dressed like pimps who oscillate between power-crazed business dealing and bumbling ineptitude. Japanese tourists help Dundee out with a quick bit of karate but mistake his identity, and so on. But it's not until the second half of the film, when Dundee and his girlfriend Sue return to hide out in Australia, that it becomes clear what all this has been leading up to.

Sue (Linda Kozlowski) manages to be even blonder and blander this time around. Upon arrival in the bush she immediately transforms herself from city slicker to frontier woman (complete in long skirt, braces and funny hat), while Dundee is once again in his natural element.

The humour of both films is built around the idea that Dundee is a bit of a primitive—he carries a knife rather than a gun, for example. But now this takes on a mystical edge, right down to the numerous shots of sunsets and full moons. He communes with nature, is able to come and go like a ghost and uses a kind of sixth sense and intimacy with the bush to outwit his Columbian pursuers. It transpires that Dundee was brought up by Aborigines and, as his best friend says, "He's more like an Aborigine than a white man. He knows about their magic—their black magic."

And this "black magic" works particularly well for Dundee who is, after all, a white man with a white man's privileges. His essential "naturalness" is culled from this simulation of blackness—under the black mask is the white skin. As ethnicity becomes a sign of authenticity, it is completely cut loose from any political questions of racial difference.

So when the final shot comes up it is of Dundee and Sue—golden, blond and full of natural goodness.

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Video

Telling stories

Julian Petley on how soap opera can be used to chart social change.

Depressed North Shields and high-tech Swindon might appear to have precious little in common—the one apparently benefitting from the arrival of the so-called "sunrise industries", the other suffering from the decline of its traditional industrial base. However, as two recent independent videos demonstrate, both places raise similar questions about the whole nature of "community" in late-eighties Britain.

Stories from the First Estate is a collage of cameos of daily life in Pinehurst, Swindon's first council estate, which was built between the wars as a "garden suburb" isolated from the town by a belt of farmland. The first tenants were railway workers and their families who had moved from the crowded terraces around the huge railway engineering plant which was Swindon's main source of employment until changes in technology and government transport policy forced its decline and eventual closure. Now Pinehurst is changing; the council houses are being bought up, new people are moving in and the fields which originally formed a green belt between the suburb and Swindon proper are rapidly being built on.

The originators of *Stories from the First Estate* are Primetime Projects, a group funded by Thamesdown's media arts department and the European Social Fund. The video is the culmination of a six-month production-led training project which offered a team of unwaged volunteers intensive training in media skills around the making of a broadcast-quality television programme. The format is determinedly tabloid, witness the jokily sub-*Naked City* introduction: "In every suburb, on every estate and in every home there are a million stories to be told. Here are ten of them."

The most interesting of these all revolve around women's attempts to deal with their day-to-day environment and to find a place in the community. For example: Cathy Morrison who is paying for her home improvements by selling sex aids and exotic lingerie; CB enthusiast "Mama Bear" who talks to passing lorry drivers on her home-based CB rig; and mother of ten Viv Lewis who, in the course of a monster session at several washing machines, admits that ever since her husband left her she feels as if she's been let out of prison and can now bring up her family in the way she wants. But the most interesting story is that of Hilary Keith-Miller who finds her sense of community in supporting Swindon's football team. She also does a very passable imitation of Jimmy Greaves. Less amusing was her arrest in Bristol on the occasion of an away match, and her interview contains a number of disturbing allegations about the behaviour of the Bristol police. (Almost inevitably this section of the video incurred the wrath of various Thamesdown Tory councillors, and the attention of the local press.)

"Shields Stories": treading a fine line between drama and debate

Stories from the First Estate raises a number of issues in an unusual, thought-provoking and entertaining way. What is a community? Who are "the people"? Why the nostalgia for the past? Are communities less close-knit and mutually supportive today? Where can women find the sense of togetherness that men find in the pub or meetings? And, above all, how is it possible to generate a sense of community in the rapidly changing environment of late-eighties Britain?

Many of these questions are also raised by **Shields Stories** from Newcastle's Amber Films (whose previous work includes *Seacoal* and *T. Dan Smith*). This package of ten short, interlinked dramas utilises a "soap" format to trace the fortunes of seven characters in North Shields as they struggle with the day-to-day effects of cuts, unemployment and lack of resources. Each episode is structured round a different theme (debt, juvenile crime, adult illiteracy, casual labour, the elderly, pregnancy), but none is simply didactic or moralistic and all work as mini-dramas in their own right, making the world of *Eastenders* seem positively cosy by comparison.

Yet this isn't simply a dose of miserabilism because, without labouring the point, the stories allow the spectator during the natural course of the drama to become aware of the existence of the possibility of getting help from educational welfare officers, credit unions and the like. All in all, *Shields Stories* treads very successfully a fine line between drama and debate, and although at times it paints an extremely bleak picture of life in North Shields, it is not in the end one which is devoid of hope.

"Stories from the First Estate" is available from Media Arts, Town Hall Studios, Regents Circus, Swindon. "Shields Stories" is available from Amber Films, 5 Side (Rear), Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Television

Mam's the word

Caroline Merz on an exploration of images of motherhood in South Wales.

Rachel Thomas played the part of the "typical" Welsh matriarch in Pen Tennyson's *The Proud Valley*. Forty-eight years later she looks back on this role in **Mam** (Sunday C4 8.15-9.15pm), the first major production by Red Flannel, a group of six women film and video-makers based in the South Wales valleys.

Mam is an ambitious attempt to both celebrate and demythologise the image of the Welsh mother-figure. In a tradition of feminist film-making which began in the early 1970s, it uses oral history, archive footage and dramatised historical reconstruction to examine the reality of working-class women's lives in the valleys.

In 1847 a group of Anglican commissioners appointed to investigate the state of education in Wales decided that Welsh women were sinful and immoral, spending far too much time gossiping and too little acquiring domestic skills. From then on, journals like *Y Gymraes* (the Welshwoman) were set up as part of a drive to turn women into diligent and worthy mothers. Women of the valleys were to lose their foothold in coal, steel and agriculture and become "angels of the home".

The film takes us on a rapid journey from this point to the miners' strike of 1984, via the general strike and hunger marches, World War II and the coming of light industry to the valleys in the 1950s. At each point we can see how women's position has only shifted in response to a particular crisis (like the call for women munitions workers during the war, or the formation of support groups in the recent miners' strike) and how tenuous in the long term such changes are.

Above all, the Welsh woman has been represented as a direct contrast to that most macho of men, the miner. The miner's wife as seen in *The Proud Valley* and numerous other films and works of literature is strong and self-sacrificing, her life devoted to nurturing her husband and sons in order for them to bring home a wage from the pits. And despite the slow death of South Wales' mining industry and the present-day reality of many women supporting families on part-time wages, the image prevails.

Mam, despite a kind of over-anxiety about the subject which sometimes means that too many images and words are crammed into too short a space, gets behind this image and allows the women of the Welsh valleys to construct articulately their own—real—history.

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"Football and rock share a crude sense of partisan involvement"

Music

Male order

Stadium rock is beginning to turn ugly. Stuart Cosgrove traces its male rituals back to the football terraces.

When the hard-rock group Van Halen arrive at the New York Giants' Stadium this weekend they won't be travelling by mini-bus. The Monsters of Rock Tour, which has pushed Van Halen's surprisingly adroit album *OU812* (Warner Bros) into the Number 5 spot in the American charts after only one week of sales, has been billed as the costliest tour in the history of rock.

Hyperbole? Hard-rock thrives on it. But this time Van Halen have the technology to prove their point. The sound stage and lightning equipment alone weigh a staggering 971 tons and have been transported across the States in a convoy of 51 trucks. Can't you smell the Marlboro as 95 roadies unravel enough cable to strangle Mount Rushmore?

Despite the nostalgic footage of screaming femininity that greeted the Beatles when they played at Shea Stadium in the sixties, the sports arena has been a specifically masculine meeting point for music and its crowded rituals.

In Britain, the rise of the stadium rock phenomenon has coincided with the decline in football's centrality as a spectator sport. Confronted by falling attendances and diminishing gate receipts, most major Football League clubs have appointed commercial managers to attract new revenue. Understandably, the new goalmouth gurus have turned their attention to the summer months, when the football season has ended and stadiums lie dormant. They can't wait to turn their backs on the team-bus and bring in the bands. David Bowie recently played at Roker Park, Sunderland; this weekend Fleetwood Mac and The Christians turn out for Manchester City, and Bruce Springsteen has suddenly discovered an affinity with South Yorkshire. His Tunnel of Love Tour reaches Sheffield United's Bramhall Lane Stadium next week.

Football and rock are the cathartic pillars of everyday maleness but they are not quite interchangeable, not yet. The rituals have much in common. From the drunken reel through chaotic public transport to the sea of banners, flags and swaying hands, football and rock share a crude and elemental sense of partisan involvement. People are there not to spectate. They are there to participate: to sing along, to sway to the sound, to build human pyramids, and if things get really tetchy, to throw cans at the fleeting and incomplete spectacle they've paid dearly to watch.

Pop music has increasingly taken stadium partisanship to its heart and borrowed from the tribalism that invests football with its powerful appeal. The London-based gael-punk band The Pogues attract a huge "Catholic" following whose common mode of dress is the emerald green hoops of Glasgow Celtic; when Ireland performed so magnificently in the recent European Championships, U2 songs were in popular demand, and for reasons that have so far eluded passing sociologists, the Manchester mutant club band New Order have a huge following among Blackburn Rovers fans.

The rise of rock's stadium temperature has not spilled over into anything comparable to football hooliganism. Despite the local residents of Wembley appealing to Brent Council to cancel future rock concerts, visits by Madonna and James Brown have led to little more than noise, some litter and the odd nasty stain on the garden gnomes of Harrow.

But Van Halen's Monsters of Rock Tour has provided evidence of new moral panics to come. At several stops on their 23-city tour, fans of opposing bands have clashed inside stadiums. The trouble has not been generated by Eddie Van Halen's wandering guitar or his lead singer Sammy Hagger's criminal taste in trousers but by two lesser known metal bands, Dokken and Metallics, whose fans have been squaring up to each other from Pasadena to Palm Springs.

The American press has followed the fighting with bemused disbelief, a reaction that's much more muted than the hysteria that surrounded one of last year's major stadium tours, "Raisin Hell", the series of concerts which featured rap stars Run DMC and LL Cool J, and led to exaggerated reports of violent disorder.

Watch what happens this summer with special care. It has the potential to flare up in a confusion of stadium rituals as rock's participatory power gives in to the local skirmishes of modern soccer.

MEDIATIONS

When a 70-minute programme, especially one that alleges torture by British soldiers, is billed at 50 minutes in *Radio Times* a congenital rat-smeller like me starts sniffing the air. Richard Taylor's "personal enquiry" into the methodology and psychology of torture, **The Unleashing of Evil**, went out on Wednesday and evidently did so pretty much as he'd made it. And nothing I have been able to divine suggests that the confusion over the programme's length was anything other than a routine misunderstanding about the size of a slot used for a variety of one-off documentaries.

The film reflected the fact that torture is a world-wide phenomenon. Among the governments whose military and secret police representatives were taken on by Taylor was the British government. So-called "deep interrogation" in Northern Ireland led to a finding against Britain at the European Court of Human Rights. And the consequences of these methods were far-reaching. In the opinion of a priest whom Taylor interviewed, "it was the internment and the torture that really gave the provisionals their great jumping-off ground". Further, Taylor explored the allegation that many ex-SAS men give covert torture training in Sri Lanka.

In the present climate, such material is explosive. It would have been no surprise if the BBC had dropped the programme altogether—or at least cut 20 minutes of its more sensitive passages and transmitted it at the 50-minute length billed—rather than incur the knee-jerk wrath of backbench Conservatives.

Those changes that have been imposed on the film appear to be insignificant forms of words only, although more than two dozen adjustments were at first asked for by the BBC1 Controller Jonathan Powell. It seems not to have occured to Powell—a drama man still learning how to deal with non-fiction—that the "personal" style of Taylor's film gave him a line of defence in the event of political flak.

His 80th birthday has naturally taken all the attention, but Dan Maskell had a second anniversary to celebrate last month; 50 years since his very first television broadcast. On 13 June 1938 the BBC screened a short programme entitled, with the admirable succinctness of the time, "Tennis": "a demonstration by Danny Maskell, head professional to the All-England Lawn Tennis Club".

Somehow, even at the tender age of 30, it's hard to think of the gentlemanly tones of Wimbledon commentary as ever belonging to someone called Danny.

W. Stephen Gilbert

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VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Brian Cushion at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ. Please note that this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 01-739-1645.

WANTED! CSV urgently need 8 volunteers to work with disabled and also dependent people in Hereford and Worcestershire. Families, children and individuals all need help on a one-to-one basis for 4-6 months. Hard and rewarding work, free accommodation away from your project, weekly allowance of £35 plus travelling expenses paid. Could YOU do it? Contact CSV at The Old Quilt Factory, Worcester, WR1 3QN, or ring 0905 726624.

HOMES for Homeless People. Groups running projects for single homeless people throughout the United Kingdom urgently require volunteer workers to help in the running, and day-to-day life of their houses. No experience or qualifications are needed. Workers receive board and lodging plus pocket money. 6 months minimum. The work is demanding but never dull. Please send SAE for more information and application form: TPW Recruitment, Homes for Homeless People (NS), Smithfield House, Digbeth, Birmingham, B5 6BS. Tel: 021 622 1502.

DO YOU LIVE NEAR BATH? Volunteer book-keeper/accountant required as soon as possible for small, radical recruitment agency. We're very busy finding non-defence jobs for electronics and computing people, and need a hand to keep our books up to date. We can pay expenses and possibly, in the future, a little bit more. For further information contact Tony Wilson at Exchange Resources, 28 Milsom Street, Bath, BA1 1DP.

LONDON VOLUNTARY Service Council. Research Assistant required to volunteer at least one day per week for our fundraising group, using directories and entering information onto a computer. Full training will be given, plus lunch money and travelling expenses to office currently near Euston Station. For further information, please telephone Roland Doven on 01 388 0241.

WESTMINSTER Bereavement Service is seeking volunteers residing in or near the boroygh of Westminster to offer counselling support to one or two bereaved people in their homes. Training and regular group supervision is provided. Next training course starts on Wednesday evening, October 19th and consists of two further Wednesday evenings: 9 and 30 November and also two Saturdays: 29 October and 19 November. No qualifications are required but must be genuine, sympathetic and committed. If interested, please ring Gill Dunbar or Kathy Yorke on 01-289 6597 as soon as possible.

ISLINGTON MENCAP need a person to share a house with eight others, 6 of whom have a learning disability. Tenants are expected to live communally, sharing the cooking, shopping, cleaning and other communal activities. Rent is £25 per week inclusive. Please contact Paul Davies (support worker) at 404 Camden Road, London, N7 OSJ, tel 607-8762, for further information.

SUMMER PLAYSCHEME needs Volunteers. Do you want to have fun and gain valuable experience of working with young people with special needs? If so, you could join the staff of a 3 week playscheme in Southwark, from 1st to 19th August. Lunch is provided and expenses paid. For further details telephone Stephanie on 701 0769.

THINKING OF A CAREER IN Community Care? SHAD is in need of volunteers to work 4-6 months with severely disabled people living in their own homes. £37 p.w. allowance + free accommodation in South London. We offer good support and friendly surroundings; excellent work experience. Women and drivers are especially needed. Please contact Sue/Karen, SHAD, Wandsworth The Nightingale Centre, No.8, Balham Hill, London, SW12 or phone 01-675-6095.

help

The HELP programme is a 5 minute local programme appearing at 6.25 on Thames TV, three times a week. Here is a summary of next week's programmes.

This week HELP has a series of three programmes on alcohol. At the end of each programme, we're offering a free magazine about cutting down on alcohol - "Half Cut", which include details of where to go for help in the Thames area. Viewers can ring us on 388 2388 for their free copy.

TUESDAY 5 JULY – DOUBLE STANDARDS

"Men can drink quite openly and if they do get sloshed they just say, Oh he's one of the lads. A woman slumped over the bar, well everybody hates that..." Four women talk about why they used to drink, and how women-only counselling groups helped them. Ring on the night for more information: 01-388-2388.

WEDNESDAY 6 JULY – THE DEMON BOOZE SHOW

Don't people do the funniest things when they're drunk? Mark and Shirley tried to walk the "Rope of Romance", Joey gets into a hearse and Jayne got off with a pillar box! This is a mixture of fantasy and reality that takes a humorous look at why young people drink and how hard it is to say "A tomato juice please". Ring on the night for a copy of the booklet "Half Cut" on 01-388 2388.

THURSDAY 7 JULY – TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT

Mary's husband has a drink problem. After years of emotional abuse and physical violence towards her son, she finally went for help. "It was total revolution... the first thing they asked me was how did I feel. No-one had ever asked me how I felt..." We look at the help available to relatives, friends and workmates. Ring after the programme for more information on 01-238-2388.

HELP • THAMES TV • EMBER HOUSE • 164/166 DRUMMOND STREET LONDON • NW1 3HR • TELEPHONE: 01-387-9494

BONDWAY NIGHTSHELTER, an emergency provision for homeless men, requires volunteers (aged 18-30) to work for approximately six months. An allowance and accommodation provided. We recruit throughout the year so welcome applications from those wishing to be considered at a later stage. For further details contact: Volunteer Co-Ordinator, P.O. Box 374, London, SW8 1SJ enclosing a S.A.E. (due to interview restrictions, applicants should be U.K. residents.

CAMBRIDGE CYRENIANS are in need of full-time residential volunteer worker for 'Direct Access' Project providing for single men and women who would other wise be homeless. Period of commitment - plus/minus 6 months - five days a week. Pocket money £30 per week. Flat provided for days off. Holiday allowance. (1 week off every 10 weeks). Travel expenses paid. Apply to Cambridge Cyrenians, 4 Short Street, Cambridge, CB1 1LB.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED If you are fit, can drive, with a sense of humour, have 2 to 6 months to spare and would like the experience of caring for a disabled person full-time in his own flat, then I have a place for you. Ideal for person interested in Social Work. Volunteers receive £35 per week and free accommodation. More details contact Alan Soffert on 01 736 8555.

MENCAP HOMES Foundation. We are looking for volunteers to befriend individual residents who are living in our home sited in Lambeth. We hope one-to-one relationships may develop to help broaden their interest and social activities. Please contact: E. Boyle for further information, Area Manager, Mencap Homes Foundation, 341 London Road, Mitcham, Surrey, CR4 4BE or telephone 01-685-9958.

CARING VOLUNTEERS required by the Acton and Ealing Victim Support Scheme. Can you assist in offering advice and practical help to victims of crime. Full training and on-going support is provided. Expenses also paid. For further details ring Liz on 992 3326 during the day.

THE MAUDSLEY HOSPITAL needs volunteers to work with patients in a variety of ways, offering companionship to individuals, attending a social club, driving or advocacy. Hours to be as little as 2/3 a week. Travel expenses paid. For furhter information please get in touch with Mary Lawton or Una Lietch at The Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, SE5 8AZ, telephone: 01-703-6333.

PARENTS ANONYMOUS is a voluntary telephone service for troubled people to get support in their time of need. If you are a parent and could spare some time weekly and feel you could listen, support, sympathise then please write for details of our next training to: 9 Manor Gardens, London, N7 6LA.

EXCITING FULL-TIME Placements. The North London Independent Living Project now has vacancies for volunteers. If you can drive, like the idea of a semi-communal unstructured environment and are looking for the experience of being part of a progressive community project concerned with promoting independence and freedom for those people with disabilities then ring 01-959-0253 or write to: NLILP, 5, Ash Close, Edgware, Middx. Accommodation, expenses, etc provided. Join us in promoting social equality.

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Telephone: 01 278 6601 Ext. 257.

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The Council is a major charity and development agency committed to social change by tackling disadvantage through support work with community development groups in Northern Ireland. Applications are invited for the following vacancies

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3 **PROJECT OFFICER (VOLUNTEER RESOURCES)** to establish a volunteer resource for Northern Ireland groups, covering both policy and practice. Full-time fixed-term post for 2 years. *Salary in range: £8,462 - £11,098*

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5 **SECRETARY: DEVELOPMENT UNIT** to undertake a range of secretarial functions. Good typing and computer keyboard skills essential. Full-time fixed-term post until 31 March 1991. *Salary in range: £6,607 - £7,846*

6 **SECRETARY: PROMOTION UNIT** Full-time permanent post. Duties, qualification and salary as for Post 5 above.

Job descriptions for each post and further information available from:

Margaret Thompson, NICVA,
127 Ormeau Road, BELFAST, BT7 1SH
Telephone: (0232) 321224

Candidates interested in Posts 1, 2 and 3 may discuss them informally by arrangement.

All salaries quoted are subject to review.

CLOSING DATE FOR ALL APPLICATIONS:
Friday 8 July.

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FEA FAIR EMPLOYER

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East Sussex

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New Statesman and Society Recruitment

For full details on rates and dates of future special issues please contact the Classified Advertisement Department and ask for Hazel, Carol Anne or Chris

Telephone: 01-729-1645

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WEST LAMBETH HEALTH AUTHORITY

Community Unit

Lambeth Community Care Centre

RESEARCH WORKER

Full time/Job share/Part Time

FIXED TERM CONTRACT £11,361-£13,679 Inc. (pro rata for part time) (pay award pending)

Required to help carry out and establish an evaluation study of the Lambeth Community Care Centre. The Centre is an innovative intermediate treatment facility for the local community between home and hospital.

The Centre is a multidisciplinary service seeking to maximise clients' capabilities.

You will be sensitive to the needs of patients, carers and health workers and to working in a multi-racial community.

You will have experience of research and interviewing with good communication skills and should be self-motivated with the ability to make judgements about your own skills and capabilities.

For an informal discussion please contact Greg Henderson on 01-582-5513.

For application forms and job descriptions please contact:

Unit Personnel Department, South Western Hospital, Landor Road, Stockwell, London, SW9 9NU Tel: 01-274-0358.

Interviews will be held between 15th - 25th August at the Centre.

Closing date: 25th July 1988.

Ref: JM/101

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

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required by OXFORDSHIRE PROBATION SERVICE in ABINGDON and BICESTER

Community Service Supervisors play a key role in finding work placements for offenders made subject to Community Service Orders by the courts, and ensuring that they perform suitable work under supervision. Tis is a demanding job requiring initiative, resilience and an interest in working with offenderrs in their local community. These posts may suit those wishing to prepare for social work training or mature applicants interested in working with offenders on a long term basis.

Applicants must hold a driving licence. A car allowance and expenses are payable, and car loan or car leasing arrangements are available in approved cases.

For an application form and job description contact:

The Administrative Section, Oxfordshire Probation Service, 43 Park End Street, Oxford, OX1 1JN. Tel: Oxford 815507

For informal discussion, please contact either: Paul Goodman, Senior Probation Officer, on Bicester 252443 OR Richard Aston, Community Service Organiser, on Abingdon 35619.

Closing date 7th July. Interviews will be held on 19th July 1988.

Oxfordshire Probation Service is an Equal Opportunities Employer.

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SO1 £12,114-£12,867 inclusive

More in the mainstream less at the margin! That's how we see arts provision for both general arts programmes and specifically for ethnic minority arts.
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We now have a challenging opportunity for the right person to take our commitment still further.
We require someone who has at least 2 years' experience working and promoting in an Asian and/or Black Arts environment, together with an understanding of one or more of the Asian communities. You will need good communication skills in order to liaise with wide sections of the community.
This post is Section 11 funded.

For an application form telephone 01-572 5513 (24 hour answer service) quoting ref: LS/12/15 or write to the Director of Leisure Services, Civic Centre, Lampton Road, Hounslow TW3 4DN. Closing date 15 July 1988.

Hounslow

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Further details from Andy Newman, Island Advice Centre, c/o Island House, Roserton Street, London, E14 9PG. Telephone 01-987 3679.

The Island Advice Centre is an Equal Opportunities Employer, and is affiliated to the Federation of Independent Advice Centres, receiving financial support from the London Docklands Development Corporation, and the London Borough of Tower Hamlets.

TENDER FOR RESEARCH

Tenders are invited for an evaluation of the Education Service's response to the Department of Education and Science/Welsh Office AIDS video resource package for schools, and producing a report for Government information.

A detailed brief is available, to experienced researchers only, from the address below. Proposals must be received by 28th July 1988 at the latest.

AIDS UNIT (01-934 9234), Department of Education and Science, Elizabeth House, York Road, London SE1 7PH.

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ASSOCIATION OF FIRST DIVISION CIVIL SERVANTS

GENERAL SECRETARY

The FDA wishes to appoint a new General Secretary. The FDA has over 9,000 members amongst higher administrative and specialist staff in the civil and public services. It is affiliated to the TUC. The General Secretary's main responsibilities are:

Negotiating members' pay and conditions of service ● Promoting the FDA's policies on professional issues and public administration ● Representing the FDA in dealings with the government and other unions ● Projecting the FDA's views through the media

Salary Scale: £27,087 to £30,387 (from 1.10.88) plus London Weighting
30 days annual leave; non-contributory pension

The successful candidate will be appointed in the first instance by the FDA Executive Committee but to comply with statutory requirements will thereafter have to stand in an election for the post by the membership which will be held before 26th July 1989. As a consequence of being General Secretary of the FDA he/she will also be General Secretary of the Association of HM Inspectors of Taxes, which acts independently in the Inland Revenue Department but whose 2,500 members are represented on the FDA Executive Committee. The AIT is likely to become a section of the FDA on 1st January 1989.

Further details from the

GENERAL SECRETARY, FDA,
2 CAXTON STREET, LONDON, SW1H OQH
(TELEPHONE: 01-222-6242)

Applications giving full particulars of career and experience, together with the names of two referees, by 22 July 1988.

The FDA is an equal opportunity employer and invites applications regardless of sex, marital status, race, disability, sexual orientation or religious belief.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Great Britain

is a registered Housing Association which provides accommodation for 5000 young people throughout England and Wales. To complete our team we require the following staff for our Headquarters in Oxford:-

DEPUTY DIRECTOR of HOUSING AND PROPERTY

the successful applicant will deputise for the Director of Housing and Property over the full range of her duties, and have responsibility for development work, control of progress of schemes and liaison with local redevelopment committees. Previous Housing Association and Development experience is essential, as well as financial knowledge, experience of contract control and the ability to look at new methods of working and funding.

Diploma in Housing Management preferred.

HOUSING ASSISTANT

to assist in the oversight and administration of hostels and development work.

The person appointed will have Housing Association experience in either management or development.

The appointees to both posts will be in sympathy with the Christian ethos of the Association.

For further details and application form write to Personnel Director, YWCA Headquarters, 52 Cornmarket Street, Oxford OX1 3EJ or telephone (0865) 726111 (24 hour answering service). Ref: Q4/NS stating clearly which post you are applying for. Closing date for both posts: 15th July 1988.

CITY UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' UNION

Community Action Worker

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Salary £5,439 including London Weighting, paid monthly.

Contact Sue Parsons on 01-250-0955 for a job description or write to CUSU, Northampton Square, London, EC1V OHB.

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TRADES UNION CONGRESS

East Midlands Regional Secretary

A Regional Secretary is required for the TUC East Midlands Regional Council.

The person appointed will be responsible for the functioning and administration of the Regional Council and its Executive Committee and sub-committees; initiating and organising the activities of the Council; liaising with the TUC nationally on all aspects of the work of the Council and representing the Regional Council at trade union and other meetings. The Regional Secretary will be responsible to the TUC General Secretary and the Regional Council and its Executive Committee for implementing regional trade union policies.

Candidates will need a sound knowledge of the TUC and its affiliated unions both nationally and locally and proven administrative and representative ability.

The salary is on a scale from £11,576 - £15,674 and at present the post is based in Nottingham.

For further details and an application form please write to the General Secretary, Trades Union Congress, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London, WC1B 3LS, quoting Ref: RS6.

The closing date for completed application forms is July 12 1988.

The TUC is an Equal Opportunities employer, and welcomes applicants regardless of sex, disability, marital status, ethnic origin or sexual orientation.

ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF MEDICINE (University of London)

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE

Part-time Research Assistant

required for one year, in the first instance, to join a team investigating various aspects of alcohol-related physical harm. The work involves the identification, collection and preliminary analysis of statistics on mortality and morbidity and data from published and unpublished research studies. Studies with patients are also planned.

Previous research and computer experience and some statistical knowledge would be useful but not essential.

The hours of work will be variable and the rate of pay will be between £5 and £6 per hour, depending on qualifications and experience.

Further details are available from the **School Office, Room G650, R.F.H.S.M., Rowland Hill Street, London, NW3 2PF (tel: 01-794-0500, extn.4262)** to which applications in the form of full curriculum vitae with names and addresses of two referees should be sent by *15 July 1988.* Please quote ref. *PTRA/RN.*

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THE BETHLEM ROYAL HOSPITAL AND THE MAUDSLEY HOSPITAL SPECIAL HEALTH AUTHORITY

BETHLEM ROYAL HOSPITAL
Monk's Orchard Road, Beckenham, Kent

ADOLESCENT UNIT

There are vacancies currently for

NURSING ASSISTANTS

in this unit. We work with young people (14-18 years) with severe emotional/ mental problems.

For further information contact Gill Savoury, Clinical Nurse Specialist, 01 777 6611 Ext: and bleep 4155.

For application form and job description write to:

Personnel Department, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, SE5 8AZ.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES

needs a

WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICER

to conduct research, provide information and advice, primarily on equality of opportunity for women at work. F/T, funding guaranteed until March 1989. Salary £11,000 (under review).

Send large SAE to:

21 TABARD STREET
LONDON, SE1 4LA
Closing date: 25th July, 1988.

Part-time team member (3 days) required for the MP, David Blunkett in the House of Commons.

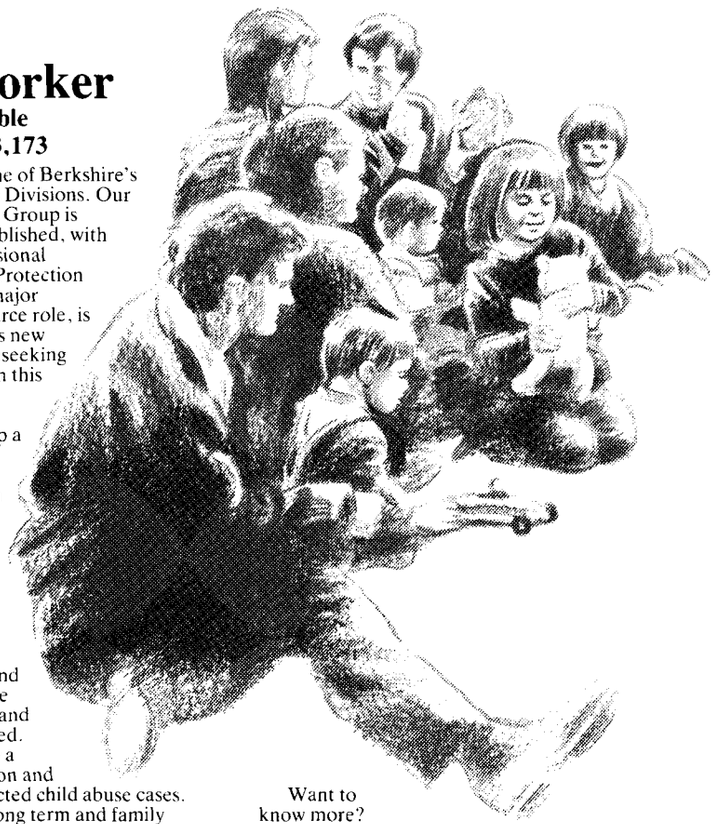
— Accurate typing/audio, administration and written English.
— Evening/flexible hours will be required.
— Ability to summarise and read material onto cassette.
— Parliamentary experience not essential, but enthusiasm and Labour sympathies are.

Apply with written CV and cassette to:

David Blunkett's Office
House of Commons
Westminster
SW1A 0AA

Or write for futher information. The closing date is 8th July 1988.

THERE'S MORE TO CHILD PROTECTION THAN CRISIS INTERVENTION



Social Worker

£9,255 With possible progression to £13,173

Reading Division is one of Berkshire's busiest Social Services Divisions. Our Children and Families Group is cohesive and well established, with extremely high professional standards. The Child Protection Team, which plays a major consultative and resource role, is just one of the Group's new initiatives, and we are seeking a Social Worker to join this Team.

This is a rare opportunity to develop a specialism within a specialism. Few Authorities can match Berkshire's entrepreneurial management style and commitment to the on-going development of staff. The Division has its own Training Officer; full support and supervision is available whenever its needed; and caseloads are controlled.

But is it not simply a question of intervention and investigation of suspected child abuse cases. Much of our work is long term and family therapy is a significant element. We work closely with other professionals, liaising with the police and voluntary bodies, and we maintain close links with a psychiatric unit for adolescents.

If you are a lively and enthusiastic level II (or above) Social Worker, who thrives on hard work and who has already specialised in Children and Families, you'll find the challenges – and rewards – you seek, here, in Reading.

Relocation assistance to the attractive county of Berkshire, with its interesting mix of urban and rural as well as excellent road and rail links, may be available. Car leasing and loan scheme also operate.

Want to know more? Then call Bridget Harnett or Jackie Stevens on Reading (0734) 586111.

Application forms are available from the Personnel Section, Social Services Department, Abbey Square, Reading RG1 3BE. Tel: Reading (0734) 586111 Ext. 500. Closing date: 11 July 1988.

Royal County of BERKSHIRE

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

New Statesman and Society

Classified Advertising: Ring 01-739 1645

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FACING THE CHANGES IN DOCKLANDS

SOCIAL SERVICES DEPARTMENT

TEAM LEADER

PO 1-4 (plus additional increment pending review)
Salary up to £14,997 per annum inc.

Docklands is an area of rapid change and development, yet faces all the difficulties associated with inner city deprivation.

To meet the unique challenges of an emerging community a fully decentralised and integrated Social Services patch team has been developed to respond to the local populations growing needs.

The area has faced much change during the past few years including the redevelopment of the Royal Docks and the introduction of the London City Airport. Inevitably this change has brought about conflict between the old and the new.

Working in two patch offices the multi-disciplinary team aims to meet and respond to these pressures.

As a Team Leader you will be responsible for the management of a large team, ranging across the full spectrum of service provision including Home Helps.

You will need:

* ***A Social Work Qualification***
* ***3 years Social Work experience***
* ***A commitment to Community Social Work***

In return we can offer

* ***An excellent local management team***
* ***Opportunity to co-work with other specialists***
* ***Training days to develop skills and knowledge***
* ***An opportunity to make your own decisions***
* ***A divisional staffing growth of 25% during this year***
* ***The possibility of temporary accommodation for new staff.***

Closing Date: 8th July 1988.

Please quote Ref: SS409.

If you can respond to the challenges of Docklands apply for an application form from the Director of Social Services, 99 The Grove, Stratford, E15 1HR or telephone 01 519 2095 (24 hour answering service).

Newham Council is committed to an equal opportunities policy. This means that the Council is committed to ensuring that no job applicant or employee will receive less favourable treatment on the grounds of race, age, marital status, sex, sexual orientation, disability, or is disadvantaged by condition of requirements which cannot be seen to be justifiable.
All jobs are open for job sharers, unless otherwise stated.

Newham
An Equal Opportunity Authority

KENT PROBATION SERVICE

Probation Officer - Tunbridge Wells

Current Salary Range £9,753 to £13,506

Applications are invited for appointment as probation officers from C.Q.S.W. holders, either experienced or recently qualified, and from students expecting successful completion of training this year. In addition to the current vacancy at Tunbridge Wells, other vacancies within the county are anticipated.

The county gives opportunity for work in urban and rural areas The service is committed to giving opportunities to develop a variety of working methods.

Kent Probation Service has a generous in-service training programme for all probation officers. The management and staff are committed to a five year core element programme for newly appointed officers. This provides an induction course and a firm professional foundation for future careers in the Service. A range of training opportunities to develop officer potential exists throughout the subsequent career span.

Conditions of service in Kent are good, and temporary accommodation is sometimes available. There are both assisted car purchase and car leasing schemes. Removal expenses are paid in full and other disturbance allowances are generous. Home to office mileage up to 20 miles per day is paid.

It is a condition of appointment in Kent that officers will, at some stage of their career be seconded to a penal establishment for a period.

If you would like to discuss the possibility of working in Kent, perhaps you would contact Mr John Lloyd, Assistant Chief Probation Officer, at the address below.

Further details and an application form can be obtained from Mr. R. G. Whitfield, Chief Probation Officer, 58 College Road, Maidstone, ME15 6SJ, telephone number Maidstone (0622) 50934. Completed application forms should returned to 58 College Road, Maidstone, by Friday, 15th July 1988.

Race and Society

Next week is our regular Race and Society supplement - an important issue for anybody who has Race-related appointments they wish to advertise.

Contact: Hazel, Carol Anne or Chris on 01-739-1737

ELLIOTT HOUSE
Home Office Approved Probation Hostel

DEPUTY WARDEN

Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Warden of this voluntary Committee managed hostel. This post offers real opportunities to develop the rehabilitative and supervisory work of the hostel which provides an alternative to custodial sentences for 17 male offenders, age range 17 - 65. Applicants should have relevant residential and/or probation work experience. The Deputy should be capable of assuming responsibility for the management of the hostel in the absence of the warden.

The successful applicant if external to the probation service will be appointed on RASC grade 4, £8988-£10,536 subject to qualification bar, £9873. A probation officer would be appointed on the PO Scale with relevant conditions of service. For this post sleeping-in duties on a rota basis are necessary for which an allowance is payable. Self contained two bedroomed family accommodation adjoins the hostel and may be available if required.

Applications giving full details of training, current and past employment and names and addresses of two referees should be addressed to the Secretary, c/o Elliott House, 96 Edgbaston Road, Birmingham B12 9QA. For informal discussion, contact Malcolm Gregg, Warden, on 021-440 2657. Closing date for applications: July 31, 1988.

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PSI

POLICY STUDIES INSTITUTE

Head of Development

New Part-time appointment

The Policy Studies Institute is already Britain's largest independent research Institute. The Council of the Institute has set itself the target of substantially increasing both the scale of our operations over the next quinqennium and the impact and influence of our work.

To help achieve these aims the Institute plans to make a key new appointment with two principal responsibilities:

a) Tapping new sources of funding and increasing the level of donations and other support from the private sector.

b) Promoting the work of the Institute through conferences, seminars and informal meetings with policy makers and practitioners.

We are looking for someone knowledgeable about social and economic research and committed to its value for improving policy-making; with good skills of communication and experience at a senior level in Whitehall, industry, business or voluntary organisations; who is able to demonstrate the capacity or aptitude to raise funds.

The appointment will be at the average professorial rate (currently £30,270 per annum) and we plan to employ someone half-time. The appointment will be for two years in the first instance.

Requests for further information and details of how to apply to:

Eileen Reed, Secretary to PSI,
100 Park Village East, London, NW1 3SR

Closing date for applications: 22 July 1988.

PSI IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

DORSET INSTITUTE

DEPARTMENT OF STUDENT SERVICES

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of:

STUDENT COUNSELLOR

(Post No 4427)

To carry out the duties of STUDENT COUNSELLING and to give information, help and guidance on day to day living. Applicants should possess a recognised counselling qualification.

Salary Range: Lecturer £8,481 - £15,369

Conditions of Service: NJC

Starting date: 1st September 1988

Closing date: 15 July 1988

Further details and application forms obtainable from the Staffing Officer, Dorset Institute of Higher Education, Holland House, Oxford Road, Bournemouth, BH8 8EZ. Tel (0202) 290740 (out of hours answerphone service)

Rainer

RAINER CENTRE MANAGER

(BLACK WOMAN - £14,673 p.a.)

Rainer Centre is a long established Intermediate Treatment Project consisting of a Day Unit offering an education and social work programme to 12 young men and women, and an alternative to custody project for up to 15 young offenders.

We are seeking a Project Manager who will organise and co-ordinate the work of the two projects and their inter disciplinary staff teams totalling 8 workers. She will also undertake some direct work in the form of counselling to black young women on the project.

Applicants must have experience of managing staff; an understanding of the juvenile justice system; counselling or group work skills and an interest in education.

Access to training will be available.

A proportion of the project users are black young women and the project wishes to employ a black woman to effectively meet their personal, welfare and counselling needs.

Section 5(2) (D) RRA 1976
Section 7(2) (2) Sex Discrimination Act 1975 both apply to this advertisement.

RAINER ALTERNATIVE PROJECT

LOCUM I.T. PROJECT WORKER

£10,488 - £13,200 inc. (Starting point dependent on experience/qualification)

Rainer Alternative Project, part of Rainer Centre is looking for a locum project worker for one year who has experience of work with young offenders in the juvenile justice system.

The project worker is required to complete a team of 3 workers operating this community-based alternative to custody in Lewisham.

The suitable applicant will be committed to diverting young people from custody; she/he will be enthusiastic and energetic; he/she will be prepared to consider a range of methods, including counselling and individual work; she/he will enjoy working in a small team in a demanding but always interesting and rewarding field.

They will need a detailed knowledge of Afro Caribbean culture and must have experience working with young people from Afro Caribbean background.

Working week ● 35 hours (flexible)
Holidays ● 27 days plus public holidays

For further details and application forms contact Suellen Lembke at: Rainer Centre, 89 Blackheath Hill, London, SE10 8TJ. Telephone: 01-691-0316/0874.

Closing date for applications: Friday 15th July 1988.

Rainer Centre Project is part of the Rainer Foundation which is committed to a policy of equal opportunity of employment and is developing its practices to ensure its effectiveness. This policy aims to ensure that no employee or job applicant receives less favourable treatment because of race, colour, ethnic or national origins, sex, marital status, family responsibility, disability, sexuality, class, age, religion, or by reason of being an ex-offender.

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THE NATIONAL DEAF CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

Assistant Health & Social Services Officer

Salary on scale £12,822 - £14,949 p.a. Inc. L.W. (review pending)

To join our Health & Social Services Department in providing advice and information to parents of hearing impaired children mainly on welfare benefits and the Health Service. Priorities in the department include training of volunteers, development of courses, research into provision, and advocacy for families.

Applicants should have a strong commitment to working for and with parents. Experience in the Health Service, social work or audiology would all be relevant. A knowledge of welfare rights, counselling skills and an ability to relate to deaf and hearing people would be valuable.

This is a non-smoking office.

The NDCS is aiming to be an Equal Opportunities Employer.

Closing date for applications: 11 July 1988.

Further details from:

The Director, The National Deaf Children's Society, 45 Hereford Road, London, W2 5AH. Tel: 01-229 9272/3/4. VISTEL: 01-229 1891.

We help the one in a thousand

THE NATIONAL DEAF CHILDREN'S SOCIETY
45 Hereford Road · London · W2 5AH Telephone 01-229-9272 (3 lines)

The Young Women's Christian Association of Great Britain

requires a

FUNDRAISING/P.R. ENABLER

to work in partnership with local YWCAs in support of their work with young people and the local communities.

Enthusiasm and sensitivity will be the hallmark of the successful applicant for this challenging and exciting new matched funding initiative supported by B.P.

With an office in Oxford, the person appointed will be required to travel throughout the Association.

The appointment is for a fixed term of two years. Salary £14,000 per annum.

For application form and further details write to YWCA of Great Britain, Headquarters, 52 Cornmarket Street, Oxford, OX1 3EJ or telephone 0865 726111. Ref: Q2/NS. Closing date for applications: 8th July, 1988.

READVERTISEMENT

The Women's Therapy Centre is looking for

2 Women Psychotherapists or Psychodynamic Counsellors

with experience in time-limited individual therapy or groups. One post will offer in-service training for a less experienced worker.

Both jobs are for Black Women; we would particularly welcome applications from women of Asian or Afro-Caribbean origin.

Send SAE for job descriptions and application forms to Marie Maguire, WTC, 6 Manor Gardens, London, N7 6LA.

Deadline for completed applications: Friday 22nd July 1988.

Courses/Training

EXPLORING PSYCHOTHERAPY:

A one year introduction: Theoretical Seminars and Group Therapy

Thursday 6 - 10 pm starting in October 1988

Write: IPSS, 8 WILLOW ROAD, LONDON, NW3 for further details and application forms. (SAE please).

MA in Political Economy

PART-TIME EVENING MA

Meeting a growing interest in the area of political economy, this course provides a systematic introduction to a body of literature and allows for specialisation in topics including:

- the political economy of South Africa
- the political economy of the USSR
- Marxian political economy
- the political economy of international economic relations
- the political economy of economic development

Entry is open to both economics graduates and social science graduates. Those who have not specialised in economics take a preliminary one-year course before proceeding to the MA proper. The course is taught Monday and Tuesday evenings at the Polytechnic's Enfield location in north London.

Ask for ENQUIRIES on 01-368 1299

or write to: Enquiries (ref C433B), Middlesex Polytechnic, Trent Park, Barnet, Herts EN4 0PT.

Middlesex Polytechnic

Forthcoming Symposium

CONTROLLING LEGAL ADDICTIONS

London, 22-23 September 1988

The ESRC's Addiction Research Centre (Universities of Hull and York) is completing a five year programme on the prevention of alcohol-related and tobacco-related problems. The Symposium will present some of this work, plus that of others, on national and international aspects of controlling legal addictions.

Speakers will be:

Rob Baggott
Virginia Berridge
Christine Godfrey
Michael Gossop
Marcus Grant
Larry Harrison
Keith Hartley
Ray Hodgson
Alan Maynard
Melanie Powell
David Robinson
Philip Tether

Attendance is free but by ticket only. For details please contact Mrs Lyn Brooks, The Eugenics Society, c/o 235 Upper Richmond Road, London, SW15 6SN. **(01) 780 1036.** Early application advised.

Classified Advertisements
Telephone 01-739 1645

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Conferences

STUDYING GROUP BEHAVIOUR

Interaction of Individuals with Institutions

13-21 October 1988

Centre for Explorations in Social Concern
The Grubb Institute

A group relations conference to learn about the processes which affect human behaviour in groups and institutions. For managers and practitioners in probation, social work, local government, industry, education, voluntary organisations etc. Non-residential.

Details from:

CESC, The Grubb Institute, Cloudesley Street, London, N1 OHU (01-278 2944/8061)

TRANS-SEXUALITY
Gender & Society

Day conference to be held in Central London during August

Details from

Genetic Research Foundation, 292b Preston Road, Harrow, Middx. HA3 0QA
Telephone: (01) 904 9502

E.P. THOMPSON, Historian and Gareth Pierce, Lawyer will be speaking at the Liberal Movement Assembly 15-17 July in Wolver- hampton. Also, Paddy Ashdown, MP, and Alan Beith, MP, on the hustings, fringe meetings & stalls. Non-members welcome. Details: 8, Longfield Road, Todmorden, Lancashire, OL14 6LX. Tel: 0706 817968.

Personal

LOUISE MORGAN
experienced, mature
HYPNOTHERAPIST
Appointments and leaflet.
Tel: 01-549-1456
Concessionary rates.

THE HEN HOUSE

Luxury women's country club. Come any time for short or long summer breaks or for special events including Massage and Body Week, Retreat Week, Walks and Picnics, Assertiveness, Growing Old Disgracefully, The Psychology of Gender, Women Writers, Novel Writing and a Music Week.

Hawersby Hall, North Thorseby, Lincs, DN36 5QL.
Telephone: 0472 840278

Agenda

AUSTRALIAN LABOR PARTY SOCIETY OF THE UK Come along, have a drink and discuss Australian politics in a friendly Aussie atmosphere. Regular guest speakers with an antipodean flavour. We meet on the third Tuesday of each month at the Marquis of Granby, Chandos Stree, by Trafalgar Square. Contact Kate O'Rourke on 01- 837 8614.

Mon 4 July

LONDON HISTORY WORKSHOP Seminar. Anne Summers 'Who killed Sarah Gamp? The Domestic Nurse 1830-1880. 7.30 pm at the White Swan, 14 New Row, London, WC2.

Sun 24 July

CUBA: RIGHTS AND RECTIFICATION Educational Event to mark the 35th anniversary of attack on the Moncada Garrison. Workshops on Cuba's Rectification Process, Human Rights: Films. Evening programme with speakers, food, dance troupe and Latin-American disco. 3pm up until midnight. Red Rose Club, 129 Seven Sisters Road, London, N7. Details: Britain-Cuba Resource Centre, 29 Islington Park Street, London, N1.

For Sale

FOR SALE: Hebrew typewriter (Olivetti), (manual), excellent condition. £100. Telephone 01-883 5992.

Exhibitions

NATIONAL PATCHWORK CHAMPIONSHIP. An exhibition of quilts. Audley End, Near Saffron Walden, Essex. 7-10 July, 10 am to 5 pm. 45 miles from London, M11 (Exit 8).

Assessment

DYSLEXIC? Learning Difficulty? Psychologist assesses children and adults with dyslexic or learning difficulties. Telephone Dr Moody on (01) 272 6429.

Meetings

THEOSOPHY explains reincarnation, karma, God, man and nature. Talks, informal meetings Sun 8pm. SAE for free literature, book list. ULT, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W2.

Booksellers

SCARCE BOOK Service: Social-Economic History; World Politics. State wants. 01-876-7254. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High Street, SW13 9LR.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London, WC1 Telephone: 01-242-5822.

ECONOMICS COLLECTIONS BOUGHT. Also, review copies, Politics, History, Sociology, ECONOMISTS' BOOKSHOP, Secondhand Dept. Ring for appointment. 01-405 8643.

Holidays/Travel

DISCOUNTED FLIGHTS Italy, France, Scandinavia, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria. Yugo. Charter/Schedule. AIRFORCE. 01-506-2233. ATOL 1817.

JOURNEY LATIN America. Low cost flights, holiday journeys, 3-6 weeks, JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London, W4 2HD. 01-747-3108.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc Africa. SHL, 313a Hoe St, London, E17. 01-520-7911.

Billboard — Theatre

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) THE SMALL FAMILY BUSINESS, THE SHAUGHRAUN by Dion Boucicault, 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE. Lyttleton (proscenium stage) THE CHANGELING, WAITING FOR GODOT. Cottesloe (small stage) CYMBELINE, THE WINTERS' TALE, THE TEMPEST. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256

Publications

15p Cemeteries. Read all about them in 'Westminster's Dirty Dozen'. £1 from:

Westminster Labour Group, c/o Cllr Paul Dimoldenberg, City Hall, Victoria Street, London SW1

INTRODUCTION TO MARITAL PSYCHOTHERAPY

A one-year evening course of theoretical and clinical seminars. Further details from:

Benita Dyal, Tavistock Institute of Marital Studies, 120 Belsize Lane, London, NW3 5BA
Telephone: 01-435-7111

Heartsearch

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details from: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London, W8. Phone: 01-938-1011.

ENRICH YOUR Social Life! Designed for the discerning and sophisticated, Savoir Vivre provides more interesting introductions. Send SAE to: Savoir Vivre, Ref: NS L, Tynron, Thornhill, DG3 4LG or tel 084 82 611 anytime.

PAELLA EVERY Sunday on the flower terrace. Catalonia. Small, relaxed hotel, children welcome. Beaches, walking. 01-249-3727 or 010 3472 321202.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL MAN, 59. Seeks warm-natured, non-smoking woman - interested in the Arts - slim to medium build. London or London accessible. Box (25) 020.

MAN SEEKS WOMAN who loves close reading together, justice, hills, desire, new/old mucic, is 30-50s. I'm interested all arts; left. Longish letter/photo reciprocated. Box (26) 025.

THINK! Wouldn't you prefer to join a photographic introduction agency that cares about your individual requirements and offers a friendly and confidential service? Wouldn't you prefer to join the Singles Register? 458 8344.

MALE, TALL, intelligent and informal, non-smoker loves the "great outdoors" etc., sports, theatre, music, travel. Own home, boat, cottage. Seeks female friend, 25-40 to share interests. London or South East. Box (26) 026.

ACTIVE EXECUTIVE with many interests, 55, seeks uninvolved, slim, attractive adventuress 40s, to mutually enjoy most things in life. Box (26) 027.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL, Female, based in Northern England, seeks reasonably mobile , leftish guy, 33-48ish, sympathetic to her desire to procreate once more. Box (26) 028.

BRIGHT, WARM, DARK, attractive career lady, 45, seeks special male friend (non-smoker) to share interests (music, travel, mind world, walks, talk, laughs. Oxford based. Please reply to Box (26) 029.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL MAN, 59. Seeks a warm natured, non-smoking woman - interested in the Arts - slim to medium build. London or London accessible. Box (26) 030.

AWARE, ALIVE, professional woman (46) who's inwardly and outwardly beautiful, is looking for that authentic professional man (45-50) with sparkle, zest and sensitivity to share th future. London/Herts. Box (26) 031.

ALL THIS MARVELLOUS JAZZ about and no-one to share it; typical high quality New Statesman reader, socialist woman, mid 40s, discriminating, lively, irreverent, seeks compatible jazz-loving male company, kind, witty, sane, London based. Box (26) 032.

IS THERE a questioning, unencumbered partnership seeking woman around London, who is aged 44-59, perhaps erstwhile socialist now somewhat converted to Thatcherism, who might explore prospectively engaging alliance with successful professional man, 55, once married? On vocational agenda, the energising of the provocative small social revolution that Mrs Thatcher ought to be backing, but isn't owing to political ambivalence. On domestic agenda, warmth and companionship. Box (26) 033.

DRAWING DOWN THE MOON Introduction Agency... "could match up an Anais Nin or a Spike Milligan without much difficulty". *(The Times Literary Supplement).* 01 938 2151.

ATTRACTIVE, COMPATIBLE PARTNERS, carefully screened for educated romantics. Personal attention. Reasonable fees. Hedi Fisher introductions. 45/46 Chalk Farm Road, NW1. Tel: 01-267 6066. w/e 01-883 0401.

OLD FRIENDS

DOES LIFE BEGIN AT 40?

MARRIAGE, FRIENDSHIP or COMPANIONSHIP:
the introduction agency for the 40s, 50s, & 60s

Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, N5 2DB
Telephone: 01-226 5432

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THE DIGGER

Stuart Weir means to recreate the kind of carrots he ate in his salad days.

It was lunch at Andre Gorz's home in the country outside Paris which finally decided me to take vegetable gardening seriously. I hadn't tasted such carrots since when ? Well, certainly not since Fine Fare first came to Farnborough and I was still in the sixth form. They were deliciously sweet and he'd grown them himself in his rather weedy garden. He has a thoroughly sound principle for dealing with weeds: leave them be and they'll enrich your soil with minerals.

Well, that certainly made our weed-ridden garden a more likely proposition; and late though it is, I have set about clearing a plot for carrots and potatoes. According to Pam and Maria down the road, I can get in at least one crop this autumn if I sow them now. I picked my way through the couch grass and bindweed to the palisade of raspberry canes which I planted some five years ago. They've never fruited.

The soil is baked hard and larded with stones. I couldn't get the spade down deep enough to get under the roots and so I took to a fork. It buckled at once. My god, I thought, this soil's too tough for a steel fork, let alone me. Then I noticed that it had rusted through just above the prongs. (That sort of thing happens when you leave it just outside the back door.) I borrowed a fork from next door. I then took to a double strategy: first, I swiped the canes with the spade, hacking them down to about three feet high. Then I dug them out by the roots, together with the grasses and weeds which grew under their protection.

Very satisfying: the swiping especially gave a comforting illusion of progress. The only trouble now was the snails. I aspire to a decent tolerance of all other species, but these creatures had recently gobbled up loadsabulbs we bought from Marks & Spencers to prettify the nearer reaches of the garden. I decided that I should not deliberately smash any , but I need not strive too officiously to keep them alive.

Fair enough in theory, but then I found that there were literally masses of them clinging to the rigging of new green shoots and grass in the dim depths of the cane jungle. What's more, when you look closely at them, their shells are subtly differentiated. They are very elegant movers and their fine horns give them a faintly questing, intelligent look. There was only one thing for it: I began to pick them out of the wrecked rigging and deposited them in a black plastic plant pot I stuck on top of the fence.

The only trouble now was the canes. They have sharp bristles on them. I was getting scratched and thick black soil had filled up a tiny cut on my forefinger. I remembered a local newspaper item which had much amused me in my Farnborough days about a rose gardener who had died of tetanus ("no prick was found on the body") and dashed into the kitchen to wash my hands and borrow Liz's gardening gloves. By the time I returned, half of the snails had sailed out of the plant pot, many of them into the next-door garden. I caught all those I could, put the pot into a larger pot, and set off for the park.

I got back in time to clear and rake the whole patch, pile up the uprooted canes, and stand back to contemplate my achievement. Quite the nicest moment: especially as I discovered that the raspberry canes had been obscuring a small triumph: redcurrent bushes which I'd planted at the same time, and all bearing ripe round fruit. So off happily to Safeways.

FRINGE BENEFITS

Colin Ward: the travellers who don't whittle clothes pegs and tell fortunes.

I was in Germany last week for the first time in my life, and I saw in the streets and squares of central Cologne posters which claimed that "The new racism now has a name: Sony". Naturally I was curious and I found that the posters reproduced what was claimed to be a letter to the Lord Mayor, Norbert Burger, from the European head of the Sony Corporation, the interestingly-named Jacob Schmuckli, under the heading The Gipsy Problem, in which the key word was *Durchgreifen*, This word means, I am told, "ruthless measures have to be taken".

There is no way I can know whether Herr Schmuckli really said such a thing to the Oberburgermeister, but for countless Germans of my generation it has echoes of the report to the Minister for Racial Affairs in 1938 from Gauleiter Portschy which argued that something must be done about the gipsy problem "for reasons of public health".

One consequence of Herr Portschy's report was that 600,000 gipsy men, women and children were exterminated in the 1940s and countless others were compulsorily sterilised. They were eliminated, along with the Jews, Communists and homosexuals. I can't imagine that this Schmuckli-person, if he actually exists, could dare make such a remark.

What I learned was that there is a place in the urban fringe of Cologne called Bickendorf where Sony has its German factory, and that the gipsies are encamped nearby. Denied their traditional occupations (who wants clothes-pegs, chair-reseating, knife-sharpening or saucepan-tinkering these days?) they are into the car-recycling and metal-recovery industries.

Naturally thefts from the supermarkets and purse-snatching from tourists are the standard complaints among Cologne's good citizens about the gipsies, I heard unusual tales about the sheer adroitness of the children in squeezing under the check-out to pass the goodies seized from the consumer counters to Papa on the outside. Mutti's voluminous skirts, I was assured, conceal a multitude of peculations by the gipsy children. And we all know how these stereotype multiply. But I assume that Jack Schmuckli is Swiss and just doesn't see how his remark would grate on modern German sensibilities, and mine.

Another thing I was told in Cologne is that an association of at least 50 professional people, paediatricians, remedial teachers and job-counsellors, are recognising the plight of the gipsies and are putting their services, free, at their disposal. This is an intriguing contrast to the British situation.

A few miles from where I live there's a road junction between the A134 and the B1087 which leads to the posh Suffolk village of Nayland. Between the river Stour and the Anglican Water Authority's pump-house there's a patch of ground never used by its owners for anything, which has for years been a seasonal camp for half a dozen caravans or trailers.

Suddenly last autumn a huge machine appeared to dig an instant trench, a deep tank-resisting ditch which ensures that no-one, gipsy or paid-up citizen, can get onto that particular site. If I telephone the County Council or the Water Authority I will get an instant assurance that this has nothing to do with any policy of *Durchgreifen*. Such an idea is merely a product of my overworked imagination. Just as it would be in Germany.

And once a year now we have National Hate Week when those hippies converge around Stonehenge, and we all have a chance to express our resentment of those inveterate criminals who constitute parasites in the bosom of our people. Apparently they aren't *genuine* gipsies who are recognisable by their habit of whittling clothes-pegs and telling fortunes as well as living in horse-drawn caravans. The fact that every traveller can be stigmatised as a spurious traveller and not the elusive and romantic real thing enables local authorities to avoid their statutory duty to provide sites and enables us to vent our hatred of anyone who lives in an old bus and doesn't pay rates.

Step by step, with the changes in housing benefit, the Housing Bill and the impending poll tax, the good citizens are creating the situation where ruthless measures have to be taken, not by government but by those people who have the nerve to adopt the gispy lifestyle. It's not my idea of a good life, but I'm not in their situation.

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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3031 Set by E O Parrott
Reports by social workers on any famous character in fiction. Max. 160 words. In by 13 July.

No 3029 Set by May Day
Hymns for the 1980s written by or for Margaret Thatcher.

Report by Grace Elegy
What an *extraordinarily* short time it's taken to get to know you all—I was certainly under the impression that I would be meeting a completely different set of people every time it was my turn to sit in judgement over the Weekend Competition. As it is, I am rapidly starting to put names to iambic pentameters not to say double dactyls. An excellent attempt, I felt, and well worth waiting for. Some of you didn't *quite* manage to write verses which fitted the original music and I had to reject them for those reasons — not because they weren't brilliant in themselves. I did in fact try to sing Gerry Hamill's entry while wandering through the quad but couldn't quite get it to scan. A special mention to Tony Black who took the trouble to write out the music as well — a practice some of you might have followed with benefit. Ten pounds to the winners, and an extra five to Peter Norman for reasons that will be obvious.

He who would set his face
'Gainst market forces
Shall fall in life's great race:
Horses for courses.
There's no discouragement
To those whose testament
Affirms our government:
They get the money.

Who spurns the parity
Of health insurance
Taxes our charity
Beyond endurance.
Our handouts we've dispersed:
The weakling comes off worst;
The strongest shall be first:
They get the money.

A D Gibbons

He who would valiant be
Let him start earning!
Follow in constancy
She's not for turning!
There's no discouragement,
Bank savings can be lent,
He'll gain more than he spent
And be a rich man!

Whoso put leaflets round
Against the Tories
Waste all their fifty pound,
His wealth the more is.
No pauper can him fright,
He'll with the taxman fight,
For he shall have the right
To be a rich man!

Gavin J S Ross

Onward, wealth-creators,
Marching to the banks;
You are due the profit,
God is due the thanks.
Holy is your mission,
Sacred is your trust.
Jesus your Redeemer
Won't let you go bust.

Onwards, wealth-creators,
Through the needle's eye:
Multiply your credit
With the Lord on high.
Poverty is sinful,
Wealth's a sign of grace.
Onward, wealth-creators,
onward,
Grind the poor man's face!

Basil Ransome-Davies

Onwards, British Christians
Let your profits soar;
Stack in your stocks and savings,
More, and more, and more.
How can we help others?
Not until we 've wealth!
Until then, dear brothers,
Self must care for self.

Chorus: Onwards, etc...

Only when we've plenty
We can give a share
To the poor—but worthy—
Just to show we care.
'Til then on the markets
Let our wealth accrue;

CHESS

Two of the main arguments for organising world tournament championship were (a) it might give some relief from the stranglehold Soviet players have maintained on the world championship proper for the past 40 years, and (b) it would give those knocked out of the world title process another opportunity to prove their worth. Well, we've got the *grand prix* and the ironic outcome is that point (b) is frustrating hope (a), as other Soviet GMs join Karpov and Kasparov in dominating the tourneys. Only two Soviet representatives (Karpov and Yusupov) have survived to the quarterfinal candidates' matches. But Valery Salov and Alexander Beliavsky shone in the first World Cup tournament in Brussels. Now the *grand prix* has moved on to Belfort in France, and in the first half of the tournament only Jan Ehlvest could keep up with Kasparov.

As an Estonian, Ehlvest is heir presumptive to the legacy of Keres. He certainly did not look in that class when Yusupov crushed him in St John. But see what you think of one of the games that has given him a plus score in Belfort:

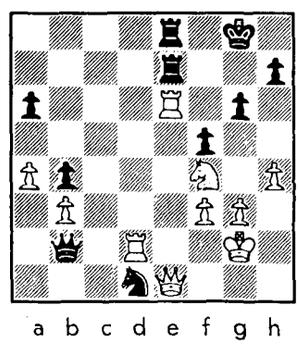
Ehlvest-Speelman, Belfort World Cup 1988.
1. Nf3 g6 2. d4 Bg7 3. c4 d6 4. g3 c5 5. Bg2 Nc6 6. d5 Na5 7. 0-0 a6 8. Qd3 b5 9. cxb5 axb5 10. Qxb5+ Bd7 11. Qd3 Nf6 I don't know what to call this opening. Speelman's moves are original, but the idea is well- worn. The question is: does Black want his Knight on a5 when playing a Benko gambit? **12. Nfd2 0-0 13. Nc3 Qc8 14. Rb1 Bh3 15. Nde4 Nxe4 16. Nxe4 Bxg2 17. Kxg2 Qa6 18. b4** On prin- ciple this is *the move Black should prevent* in such positions, the reason being that Black's compensation largely consists in play against the backward b-pawn. **Nc4 19. bxc5 Qxa2 20. Bf4 Ra3 21. Qd1 dxc5 22. Rb7 Nb2 23. Qd2 c4** The c-pawn looks menacing, but is controlled with surprising ease by White's major pieces. **24. Qb4 c3 25. Rxe7 c2 26. d6 Rb3 27. Qc5 Na4 28. Qc6 Rb1 29. Rc1 Rxc1 30. Bxc1 Qb1 31. Bf4 Nb6 32. Rc7 Qb3 33. Rb7** Signs of time-trouble. He could just have played 33. Qxc2. **Bd4 34. Rc7 Qe6 35. Qxc2 Nd5 36. Bh6 Nxc7 37. Bxf8 Ne8 38. Be7 f5 1-0.** Jon Speelman lost on time, but the board doesn't offer him much hope either. 39. Qc6 would be the quickest way.

There will be more to report on Belfort next week. In the meantime, at a higher tempo (half an hour per player for the whole game) and a lower level, the **British Open Quickplay Championship** packed eleven rounds into two days (18-19 June) in Leeds. Speed events tend to expose differences in ability rather starkly and therefore often produce runaway winners. However, there was a five-way tie for first place in Leeds between Flear, Nunn, Chandler, Hebden and Hodgson. If this quintet were evenly matched, it was not because they were quick on the draw, for most of their encounters were decisive. Michael Adams, head boy among the English juniors, impressed with a game that was considered the best of the event:

Adams-Flear, Leeds Quickplay 1988. Open Ruy.
1. e4 e5 2. Nf3 Nc6 3. Bb5 a6 4. Ba4 Nf6 5. 0-0 Nxe4 6. d4 b5 7. Bb3 d5 8. dxe5 Be6 9. c3 Nc5 10. Bc2 Be7 11. Re1 Qd7 12. Nbd2 Bg4 13. Nf1 Rd8 14. Ne3 Bh5 15. Nf5 0-0 16. Nxe7+ Nxe7 17. Be3 Na4 18. Rb1 Ng6 Surely 18...Bg6 is better. **19. Qd3 Re8 20. Bg5 Rb8 21. Nd4 Qg4 22. f4! h6 23. Bd1** Ouch! **Nc5 24. Qc2 Qd7 25. Bxh5 hxg5 26. Bxg6 fxg6 27. Qxg6 gxf4 28. e6 Qd6 29. Nf5 Qf8 30. Nh6+ Kh8 31. Nf7+ Kg8 32. Ng5 1-0.** For after 32...Qf6 33. Qh7+ Kf8 34. e7+ blocks the escape hatch and 35. Qh8 mates.

Last week's position : (5rB1/3R4/8/8/3K2kB/p7/8/8) In this 1959 study by Petrov after **1. Rd8 a2 2. Bxa2 Rf4+ 3. Ke3 Ra4 4. Bb3 Rb4** it looks as if one of the Bishops is lost, but **5. Rd4+! Rxd4 6. Be7!** preserves a mating surplus since the Rook is trapped in the middle of the board (6...Rd7 7. Be6+, 6...Rf4 7. Be6+ Kg3 8. Bd6).

Problem
Two questions about the end of the game **Andersson-Hjartarson** from Belfort. In this position Hjartarson played **1...Rxe6** and Andersson replied **2. Qxd1** . But what had the Swedish grandmaster overlooked? And would White have done better to recapture on e6 with Knight or Queen?



George Botterill

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No, we are not selfish,,
Prophets need cash, too.

Chorus: Onwards, etc...

D A Prince

Immortal, invisible
On land and on sea;
Omniscient, strong...that's
Enough about me;
I came here to worship
The Lord, for as long,
As He is a Tory
He can do no wrong.

Ambitious, audacious,
Arousing dislike
In all who oppose us —
We are so alike!
That's why He has lately
Entrusted to me
The public flotation
Of God plc.

Peter Norman

Stand up, stand up for Maggie,
Ye hard men of the right,
Let's privatise elections,
And put the wets to flight,
From profit unto profit,
Tax-free until we die,
Great Maggie is our saviour,
Who boosts the FTI.

Stand up, stand up for Maggie,
We'll build an order new,
With Barratt's speculation,
And Whitbread's Tory brew,
Then fill the English country,
With acres of new bricks,
Smart homes for yuppie voters,
And other jammy pricks.

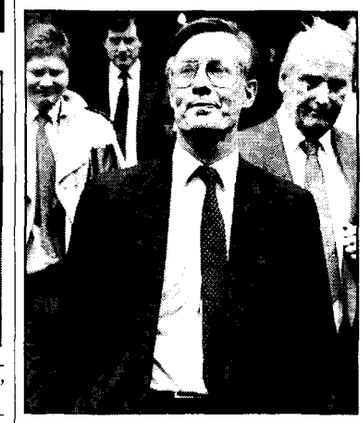
Connie Yapp

IF THE CAP FITS

No 74

Above: Edwina Currie seen in compromising pose with the Commons' Speaker, Bernard Weatherill. In *Parliamentary Profiles* we find that Bernard is a "genial" chap who carries a silver thimble in his pocket. What are they saying? Answers please by 8 July. £10 for the winner.

No 72: Winner

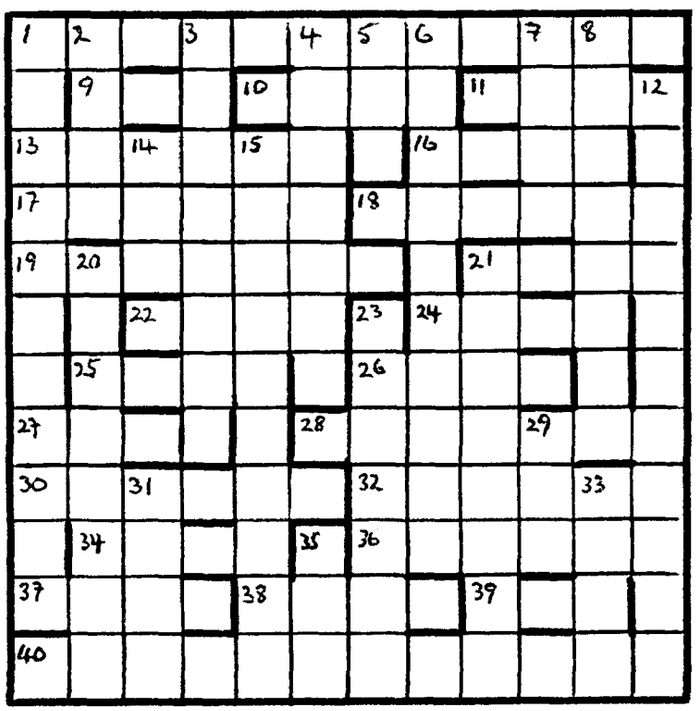


Meacher: "We'll have to sell the pig." *(L M Keet, London.)*
Runner-up: "Ah well...easy come, easy go." *(Chas F Garvey, Peacehaven, Sussex.)*

SALAMANCA

COLLINS DICTIONARIES

PRIZES: Copies of the *Collins Concise English Dictionary* for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 136, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ, by 1 August.



Each unclued answer governs those referred to it: their unchecked letters give TV'S FRESH TAP.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Salamanca 136: "Courtly"

ACROSS

1 *Rule a* (4 words)
9b Look in den when there's no trace of lions
10b Chap without energy so out of sorts?
11b Czech could be born here
13a Game birds lacking in sun
16a Late lamb minced and rolled to produce it
17b Tons're managed by such weighing-machines
18a Can lilac and rose be contents of this as ----?
19d One very long initial golf shot?
21b At no time was born Queen
22c Women in uniform on the water are this (2 words)
24b Handle strike calling for leader of Left to sit in
25c Old domestics having the backing of understanding
26c Large fan of rough aggressive pop, adult
27c Medium, solvent when note's given back to her?
28b Former flame turning pale, dizzy with love at first, fell heavily
30 See 21D
32b Peasant dress, navy, in finished length
34a Part of the brain's edge is soft in this place
36d Flowers wound round in a circle of string, one third of a mile, about
37b Grizzle once more about short sleep
38a Ravens at Balmoral i.e. black crows perhaps, not Welsh
39c Water all on high? (Not in low lea, rightly)
40 *Rule b* (2 words)

DOWN

1d Clause in deed as turns up in criminal statement
2a A rib that's digested and stuck in passage, a problem for feline stomachs?
3d On Brittany's coast gingerly enter in the sea
4b Being among the French we can legally rent a place
5c One held by 100,000 of the people
6d Fashionable people outside Jewish place of learning needing one carbohydrate
7b Spoken by some orator aloud
8d Remit money levied, wildly exultant
12 *Rule c* (3 words)
14c Gallinule, a fabulous bird when soaring
15 *Rule d* (2 words)
20d Salmon found round inn over in centre of Gloucester
21, 30d Working often I've entire office day? (3 words)
23d What lacks feet—tadpole possibly
29c Corner column, one type of square one
31a Scots ancestor, spare to the extent of being rude?
33b Fill wider vehicle with it?
35a Such acid will take in and transform one atom of carbon

Solution to Salamanca 135

To commemorate centenary of Raymond Chandler, born 1888. Titles of novels which require PHILIP (Marlowe).

Prizewinners to Salamanca 135

Mrs Kenneth Macintyre (London SW4)
Pat Jewell (Harrogate, N. Yorks.)
Margaret Norris (Guildford, Surrey)

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Hilary Wainwright on the urge to leave Britain and the politics of escapism.

Ever since the last election, I've responded eagerly to every opportunity to leave Britain, if only for a few days. I imagined this wanderlust was escapism: to escape loadsamoney land, to discover greener grass, or redder flowers, on the other side of the sea. To my horror, I've discovered instead that Thatcherism, and frequently Mrs Thatcher herself, is everywhere.

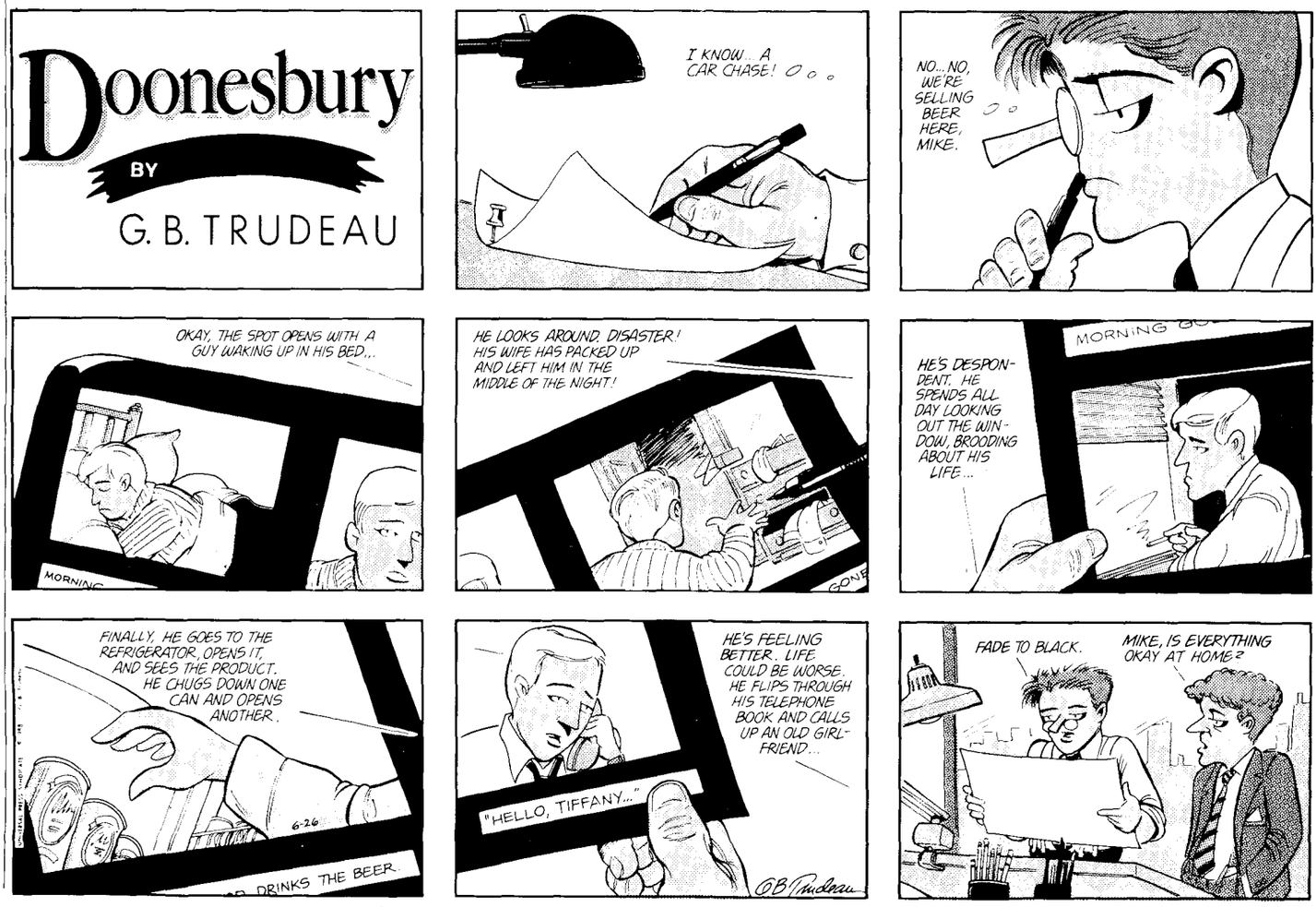
My latest encounter with international Thatcherism was in Toronto. I was speaking at the Citizens' Summit. Down the road, and over the police barricades, guarded by helicopters, roof-top snipers and armed paratroopers, Mrs Thatcher was conducting what has become in effect her own summit. (At one of the British delegations' briefings, Bernard Ingham casually let slip how in her meeting with Chancellor Kohl "she talked and he listened".)

Most of the 4,000 journalists and photographers covering the summit were bored stiff and regarded the whole thing as little more than Reagan's retirement party. But summits are more than just public relations exercises. They began when the boom collapsed and social tensions threatened to destabilise the west. In the face of this, Henry Kissinger's Trilateral Commission—the nearest thing to an advisory committee of the world bourgeoisie—urged western leaders to cooperate. The purpose of cooperation is not anything so crude as to agree formally on policies. It is to provide mutual support and a shared consensus on fundamental problems. The success of summits is reflected in the extent to which there is a common language—a language by which official opinion internationally defines and presents policy.

For Thatcher this year's summit was a celebration: through the last seven years she and her ministers have established the language and the policies of neo-conservatism. International trends were going her way, admittedly, but she has ensured they end up where she wants. Thus "liberalisation" has become the pleasant-sounding international term for the privatisation of public services; "decoupling the state and the economy" has become the phrase for replacing controls with massive support for the private sector. And now "structural adjustment" is the term for imposing neo-conservative economics on third world countries in exchange for a minor reduction in the cost of their debt. The language is dutifully disseminated by a media made soporific from trivia and hype.

Thatcher herself went from the summit to preach the message to the Canadian parliament. For Canada, she declaimed, "the moral crusade for economic freedom" means support for a free market with the United States. This proved too much for some MPs, protective of their independence: the threat of economic subservience to the US was now being compounded by political subservience to the British prime minister. "We don't want to be a British colony again," said one Opposition leader. He had a point. The Queen may have her Commonwealth, but Mrs Thatcher has the Group of Seven.

As I flew away from the experience of travelling to and fro between her summit and the discussions organised by Canadian unions, churches, ecology and poverty groups, I concluded that my instinct to travel was not escapism. As Thatcherism has made capitalism more international than ever, the left needs all the international knowledge and organisation it can get. If only we could find the resources!


Doonesbury
BY
G. B. TRUDEAU
I KNOW... A CAR CHASE! O o o
NO... NO, WE'RE SELLING BEER HERE, MIKE.
OKAY, THE SPOT OPENS WITH A GUY WAKING UP IN HIS BED...
MORNING
HE LOOKS AROUND. DISASTER! HIS WIFE HAS PACKED UP AND LEFT HIM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!
GONE
MORNING
HE'S DESPONDENT. HE SPENDS ALL DAY LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW, BROODING ABOUT HIS LIFE...
FINALLY, HE GOES TO THE REFRIGERATOR, OPENS IT, AND SEES THE PRODUCT. HE CHUGS DOWN ONE CAN AND OPENS ANOTHER.
6-26
DRINKS THE BEER.
HE'S FEELING BETTER. LIFE COULD BE WORSE. HE FLIPS THROUGH HIS TELEPHONE BOOK AND CALLS UP AN OLD GIRLFRIEND...
"HELLO, TIFFANY..."
©B Trudeau
FADE TO BLACK.
MIKE, IS EVERYTHING OKAY AT HOME?

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